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**THE BEACON PRESS PUBLICATIONS
IN RELIGIOUS EDUCATION**

**THE NEW BEACON COURSE
OF GRADED LESSONS**

**William I. Lawrance
Florence Buck**

EDITORS.



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LIVING TOGETHER

THEME

My little children, let us not love in word, neither with the tongue; but in deed and truth.

I John 3:18.

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LIVING TOGETHER

*A Manual for Teachers of
Children of Primary Grade*

PREPARED ESPECIALLY FOR PUPILS
SEVEN YEARS OF AGE

By FRANCES M. DADMUN, A. M.



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GENERAL PREFACE

This volume is the first issued in The New Beacon Course in Religious Education. It is especially intended to meet the needs of children seven years of age, but may be used for the work of any year in the Primary grade. Some adaptation of the teaching method or material may be found necessary for children older or younger than the age specified.

The New Beacon Course, carefully graded, is planned to furnish material for religious instruction for each year of life from four to twenty-one. It aims to give a largely socialized interpretation of religion, a wide application of religious ideals to present-day conditions, an individual power in ethical judgments through consideration of concrete situations, and a broad and liberal conception of our religious heritage. It seeks to secure from the pupils who are trained by it a whole-hearted consecration to great ideals, and to inspire them to devoted service.

In the early stages of the preparation of this series the Department of Religious Education had for two years the assistance of Dr. Edwin D. Starbuck, a psychologist of national reputation. Valuable editorial assistance has also been rendered by Dr. Luther A. Weigle of Carleton College, Northfield, Minn.

The subjects and materials for the course have been considered with careful reference to the religious needs of the child at each stage of his devel-

opment. Only such Bible material has been used in the younger grades as has seemed adapted to the religious nurture of the child. Several of the older grades are largely devoted to a mastery of the contents of our great Book of Scripture. Ample opportunity for expressional work by the pupil will be furnished for each year in the course.

This volume, with the hand-work accompanying it, is presented with the conviction that it meets a vital need and treats effectively a topic which, while it has taken a large place in adult religious life, has not secured adequate treatment in its application to the young child. The book is offered as a help in the development of the social conscience of the child of seven. Its place as part of a matured plan for religious training will be fully apparent only when the other books in the course of which it is a part have been issued.

THE EDITORS.

FOREWORD

The purpose of this book is fully stated in the introduction. Here, the author wishes to express her indebtedness to the editors of *Scattered Seeds* for the use of a number of the author's own lessons which first appeared in that publication; to Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole for permission to adapt his translation of Tolstoï's story, *Where Love Is, There God Is Also*; to all those who have helped her by encouragement and suggestion, including the editorial board and advisers of the New Beacon Series. The book has also been tested in the making by a number of teachers, and it is hoped that many others will find it of use in impressing the principle of the second great commandment upon the children of our liberal faith.

CONTENTS

THE PURPOSE AND PLAN OF THE COURSE	xv
THE CHILD OF SEVEN	xx
HOW TO TELL THE STORY	xxiv
THE USE OF HAND-WORK	xxviii
MEMORY WORK	xxxv

PART I

HOW MEN OF OLD LIVED TOGETHER

Theme: *By their fruits ye shall know them.*—MATTHEW 7:20.

Lesson 1 The Hermit of the Himalayas	3
1a St. Francis and the Wolf	9
2 Abraham's Generosity to Lot	15
2a Abraham and the Robber Kings	21
3 Peter and Cornelius	26
4 The Burning Bush	33
4a The Burden of Saint Christopher	38
5 David and Saul	44
5a Elisha and the Syrian Host	50

PART II

DEPENDING UPON EACH OTHER FOR MATERIAL THINGS

Theme: *For none of us liveth to himself and none dieth to himself.*—ROMANS 14:7.

Lesson 6 The Four Wells	57
7 The Coming of Mondamin	63

Lesson 8	"While the Earth Remaineth" . . . /	69
9	The Sower	74

PART III

LIVING TOGETHER IN THE FAMILY

Theme: *Love never faileth.*—I CORINTHIANS 13:8.

Lesson 10	How Ruth Helped Naomi	79
11	Dama's Jewels	84
12	"Unto Us a Child Is Born"	88
13	The Princes and the Water-Sprite	93

PART IV

LIVING HAPPILY WITH NEIGHBORS

Theme: *Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.*—

MATTHEW 22:39.

Lesson 14	Neglect the Fire and You Cannot Put It Out .	101
15	Where Love Is, There God Is Also	109
16	The Quails	118
17	The Merchants and the Golden Bowl	123
18	The Foolish Rabbit	128
19	The Piper	132
20	The Bitter Waters of the Wilderness	137
21	Gideon	143

PART V

GIVING ONE'S SELF FOR OTHERS

Theme: *Freely ye received, freely give.*—MATTHEW 10:8.

Lesson 22	The Flax	151
23	Hiawatha's Sailing	156
24	The Box of Ointment	160
25	The Widow's Mites	163
26	How Jesus Gave Himself	166

PART VI

THE BEAUTY OF LIVING TOGETHER

Theme: *He that loveth his brother abideth in the light.*—I JOHN 1:10.

Lesson 27	The Vision of Sir Launfal	175
28	The Courtesy of Rebekah	181
29	The Miraculous Pitcher	188
30	How Gareth Became a Knight	195
31	Abigail and David	200
32	The Parable of the Talents	205
33	The Spring in the Sandy Desert	211
34	The Healing of the Cripple at the Gate Beautiful	217
35	The Party and the Guests	222
36	The Seed	228

THE PURPOSE AND PLAN OF THE COURSE

This text-book presents to teachers a course of lessons whose purpose is to impress upon the minds of children of seven years the basic fact that "none of us liveth to himself and none dieth to himself." The stories show how we work with Nature, with our four-footed friends, with each other, with God, that all may be better and happier. In other words, the course tries to develop the thought expressed by Jesus in the second commandment, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." We would teach our children that if we break this law, there is waste, destruction, desolation; but if we keep it, we have "the progress of mankind, onward and upward forever."

To some psychologists this will seem an impossible ideal. They argue that the seven-year-old child cannot be taught the principles of altruism,—that he is naturally an individualist who has not yet found his place in the world and has to struggle to assert himself. There is no use, they say, in working against Nature—we must expect the inevitable and put up with the child's selfishness because it is biological. If we succeed at all in teaching him consideration for others, it is because we make him see that such consideration is for his own advantage.

Now we cannot for a moment forget Nature. We remember her every time we realize that seven is a trying age, every time we are called upon to exercise patience with apparent backwardness or

lack of appreciation in our little pupils. But for all this, we need not forget that children will not always be seven, that we must begin early to form habits, to establish principles which control and shape the fully developed personality. We do not consider the child of seven too young to be taught how to conduct himself properly at table or how to close doors quietly. If he persists in telling falsehoods, we do not pass it over and say, "Never mind, he is only seven." Indeed, we begin even earlier to teach principles of behavior which our civilization considers essential. Perhaps if that civilization had learned the principles of social living as well as it has learned those of perfecting the individual, it would lay more stress upon the importance of giving children an early start in social morality.

As for teaching consideration for others because it brings personal advantage, it goes without saying that the advantage comes; but to emphasize it as a reason for being considerate would take all the savor out of the salt. The real gain, according to our Christian faith, comes only when all thought of personal advantage is forgotten. "He that findeth his life shall lose it; and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it." (Matt. 10:39.) It is in accordance with our loyalty to the leadership of Jesus that we begin early to teach little children to love "not in word alone, but in deed and in truth." (I John 3:18.)

It is for such a purpose that these lessons were written. The principles of living together are presented in different ways—through story, expressional work, selected Bible passages—in the hope that they may become as much a part of the child as are the habits of behavior which he is taught as a

matter of course. The lessons are arranged in six groups, one for each of the religious festivals which our Sunday schools observe, namely, All Souls, Thanksgiving, Christmas, the birthdays of Washington and Lincoln (included in one group), Easter, and Children's (or Flower) Sunday. The reason for such an arrangement is partly that the festivals may be in harmony with the course instead of an interruption; but more especially because the ideals of social living, which these festivals present, accord with the development of the theme of the course.

The first group, "How Men of Old Lived Together," has five lessons, with supplementary lessons for those schools which begin their year early in September, ending with the last Sunday in October and leading to All Souls Day. It may be that not many schools celebrate this day; but those which do, find it an opportunity for showing respect and gratitude to those who have rendered conspicuous service to their faith in the past. Each of the lessons of this group is the story of a great soul who has understood and expressed in his life the principles of living together; and the selected five symbolize the five groups which make up the rest of the course, the memory verse of each of these lessons being the theme of the corresponding group.

The second group covers the month of November. It teaches our dependence upon each other for food and clothing, for "Material Things." The third group, "Living Together in the Family," was developed with the thought of Christmas as a family festival. The fourth group, "Living Happily with Neighbors," is a study of social relationships on a larger scale, leading to the ideal of a united people working together under inspired leadership. "Giv-

ing One's Self for Others'' is the theme of the fifth group, which culminates in Easter. The last group is devoted to the finer and more idealistic aspects of social life, in accordance with the joy of spring and the season of blossoms. It leads to Children's Sunday which is a Festival of Flowers and a time when young lives are consecrated to service of the highest good.

The teacher will see at once that she must follow the order of arrangement closely so far as the groups are concerned. If she falls behind, because of special services which interfere with the lesson hour or for any other reason, there are lessons in each group which may be omitted without disturbing too much the continuity of thought. These will be indicated in their places. The teacher is advised to look well ahead in planning her work and to find out from the superintendent what Sundays are likely to be occupied by general exercises.

Each lesson has an order of procedure which is indicated by headings. This is based upon the experience of a number of teachers who have tried out the course before its publication, and should be a safe guide. The class should never be allowed to see the hand-work before the time comes to do it, as it is apt to distract their attention from the story. The teacher may find it difficult at first to cover all the ground in the time allotted, but a little experience in controlling the opening talk will soon bring it within limits. Children acquire speed and skill very quickly. If they are slow at first with the hand-work, they may take it home. They are often eager to do this, as well as to make up work if they have been absent.

At first sight, the plan of the course and of the

individual lesson may seem rigid, forbidding original work on the teacher's part; but she will find opportunity enough for self-expression,—in her talk with her class, which she must adapt to their needs, in telling the story, in her personal relationship with the pupils. The outline is intended to free the teacher, not to constrain her overmuch. It clears the pathway which she might otherwise have to open for herself; and although the joy of the pioneer is great, it is a luxury which most of our teachers are too busy to afford. So this book is dedicated to the Sunday School Teacher, in the hope that it may prove of real assistance to her in leading the child to a higher conception of the Brotherhood of Man.

THE CHILD OF SEVEN

The purpose of this word is to help the teacher to understand the mental and spiritual qualities of each of her pupils as he appears in relation to the average child of his age. Psychology is not like mathematics. It does not claim to furnish a fixed pattern to which each individual will conform. But it does determine the characteristics of the type, to which the individual corresponds more or less closely. A practical knowledge of psychology clears away difficulties which might otherwise be a serious hindrance to successful teaching.

Physically, the period from seven to eight years being one of transition presents numerous difficulties. The child is apt to be delicate, subject to ailments. He is growing rapidly, but his heart is relatively weak and is kept hard at work supplying blood to the growing tissues and the active muscles.

Such conditions help to explain occasional wilfulness, momentary sensitiveness, or bursts of temper. Happily these are not the controlling influence for this grade. Seven is a most delightful age. The pupil retains the charm of early childhood, the unfaltering trust, the eager curiosity, and combines with these a budding capacity for using his reason which makes him responsive to new ideas.

The child himself is conscious of this latent power. He is eager to grow. He has recently been promoted from the kindergarten and entered the main school. It is a great event for him. He feels the

responsibility of his new position, likes to find his own place in the service book, is even anxious to have home lessons assigned. He is no less active than when his energy found an outlet in the games of the kindergarten, but now his activity has conscious purpose. He wishes to do something for the sake of seeing it done.

It is this eagerness for growth which leads him to imitate the behavior of older people. Such imitations form habits, good or otherwise, according to the example. The teacher may well make as attractive as possible the heroes of the lesson-story, Abraham and David, Gareth and Sir Launfal. It is more than likely that the child will weave their exploits into his play during the week. Also, he will imitate the teacher, for she easily wins the affection of her seven-year-old pupil and becomes an adored example of all that is most worth while. Every teacher knows that such admiration is at once an opportunity and a responsibility.

The child's affection is a door to his confidence, whereby the teacher may learn something of his experiences. For even a child of seven has experiences which must be considered by those who would guide him farther. The law of apperception, one of the most important in education, is that new ideas are perceived only when they are related to concepts already formed. The child must be addressed in a language he understands. If the teacher speaks to him in words belonging to her own richer experience, ignoring the more limited happenings of his little life, he may easily get the wrong meaning or not understand at all. His own instincts, habits, experiences—not the teacher's—must be made the steps to new ideas, new experiences, the

formation of new habits. Nor may the teacher be wholly satisfied with what she learns from the child himself. She should know his environment. Children of the rich have different experiences from children of the poor. The city child and the country child are different products. The most successful teacher understands these conditions of living; she knows parents, home, and the school to which the pupil goes during the week. What he learns there is a direct help in making the Sunday teaching concrete, through the talks before and after the story, and by supplying details which make the story itself intelligible.

Children of seven are learning to distinguish between fact and fancy. This does not mean that they no longer like fanciful tales, but that they must not be hoodwinked into accepting the imaginary as literal truth. They will be amused by a story like "The Foolish Rabbit"—of course they would not believe for a minute that it is literally true—and yet they will take its moral as seriously as any one could wish. So in Bible stories, an enduring truth is often contained in a symbolic setting, as in Moses' vision of the Burning Bush, and the class may be led to respect the truth without believing in the literalness of the symbol. It is a fatal mistake to teach as prosaic fact, just because it is in the Bible, what is really an eternal truth clothed in poetic form. If a child begins to read his Bible that way, he is likely to reject it altogether when his reasoning powers are fully developed. But it would be unwise to draw complicated meanings from the symbolism, or to talk much or vaguely about the eternal truth. The child's world is simple, with obvious causes and direct results. Moses saved his people because he be-

lieved that God had told him to do it. It was a case of straightforward obedience. So must it be in all ethical matters with children of seven. Black is black, white is white, and it is better not to introduce the intervening shades of gray.

For the child at this age comes quickly to conclusions. Knotty problems require sustained attention and mature reasoning. A child can give only voluntary attention; he will listen as long as he is interested, and at seven, interest requires frequent changes of subject. His capacity for reasoning, as was said at the beginning, is in the bud, and buds should open naturally. We all know the penalty of forcing them.

Finally, his capacity for altruism is in the bud, too. He is more individual than social. So the patient teacher must not be discouraged if the Burbankian methods of this book do not at once produce an extraordinary flowering of unselfishness. Let her strive, rather, that the stock may become so permeated with the sap of the principles of right social living that when the flower comes, as it will in God's good time, it will be a perfect blossom.

HOW TO TELL THE STORY

In this course on "Living Together," the thought of each lesson is contained in the story. The story, then, is the center of interest. All other means of expression—opening service, hand-work, memory-work, play—are subordinate to the story, leading up to it or strengthening the impression made by it. And since the story, like the drama, is an artistic medium, a finished thing, conveying its thought without need of questions, discussion, or exhortation, it is of first importance that the teacher should tell it well. If she tells it badly, and so fails either to hold her class or to make the desired impression, she cannot patch it up afterward. The rest of the hour may, to be sure, be interesting to the class; it may, it should, have an effect of its own which will be worth while: but its power to drive home the religious or ethical truth which should have been placed by the story is much lessened if not lost.

The story should be told, not read. The successful story-teller looks into the faces of his audience; he meets their eyes. They trust the sincerity of his straightforward gaze. They believe he has something to say which they will like. So he enlists their sympathies at the beginning and holds them to the end. Moreover, when you have told a story without book you have made it yours. There is no third person between you and your class. The children cluster about your knee instead of being held at arm's length.

The first step in preparing to tell a story is to understand its purpose. Since most good stories have more than one ethical meaning, according to the emphasis given in the telling, the purpose is stated in this book in every lesson. But it is not enough to read the written word, to know it with the mind. You must also feel it. In the second lesson, you must live for the sake of telling how a big-hearted man gave up his chance to one younger and weaker than himself, and felt only joy as a result. This simple truth, which a child can understand, has made Abraham the most loved of the patriarchs. It is such things as this that make life worth while.

When you can realize this with the energy and emotion of a revivalist, it is time to think of the mechanical but necessary process of analyzing the story into its parts. Every story is a sequence of events leading to a climax,—which, in these lessons, contains and emphasizes the theme. The sequence of events should be jotted down on paper and known absolutely in their order of happening; for to fail here would be as fatal as to let Goldilocks go to sleep in the bed of the Middle-Sized Bear. The story would be hopelessly spoiled.

Besides sequence of events and climax, a story begins,—positively. A pianist may introduce his Scherzo with wandering arpeggios and improvised chords, to prepare you for the change of key, but when he strikes the first note of the Scherzo itself, you know it. The clear note or crashing chord places it at once. So its beginning places the story. For example, the favorite “Once upon a time” locates it concisely yet leaves it in the delightful realm of fancy. Anything splendid might have happened—once upon a time!

And a story ends,—not awkwardly, in a desultory fashion, so that nobody knows whether there is more to come or not. The end must also be positive and satisfying. Something has happened, is now over; this is positive; and the knowledge of it, making us richer than we were before,—this satisfies. Verily we may eat our cake and have it too.

Beginning, sequence of events, climax, end,—these are jotted down on your slip of paper. The next step is to clothe these bare facts with whatever beauty of phrase or related description is needed to make the story a delight and a thing to be remembered.

Some stories so excel in beauty of phrase that the obvious thing is to memorize them. The refined imagery of Laura E. Richards, the rhythmic repetition of Kipling's "Just So Stories," are inimitable. Ordinarily the simplest phrase is the most effective and it is within the power of every teacher to tell the story in her own words. But to make the story remembered, she must know her class and associate its happenings with their experience. In telling the story of Abraham, I found myself saying, "When we go west, how do we travel?" And there follows the checking of baggage, the finding our chairs in the Pullman, the getting our meals in the dining-car. Then,—“But Abraham and Lot and their families rode on camels. Did you ever ride on a camel?” To be sure they had,—at the circus or the Zoo! Thenceforth they followed the fortunes of Abraham and Lot with breathless interest. But all children do not know of Pullmans and there may even be those who have never seen a camel. For this reason, it is better not to memorize the lesson stories exactly as they are written, as the environment of

each class may suggest a different mode of appeal.

Begin as soon as possible to practice telling it. If you talk it out, with your class in mind, the inspirations come more rapidly than if you sit silent, gazing into space. With the telling, come inflections of voice and the simplest of gestures. A pause which brings perfect silence, words which follow each other quickly or more slowly, the rising inflection of a question, the firm tone which gives the answer,—all mean so much. Some indication of this is given with the lesson stories, as a more complete illustration than could be given in a preface. As for gesture, it is difficult to describe on paper without making it mechanical or ridiculous; but if you really see the story in action and describe it as you see it, appropriate gestures are apt to come as a matter of course. You lift your eyes to the hills,—a level sweep of the hand, palm downward, and you have the plains of Jordan. You start and your eyes widen as you see, with Cornelius, the man dressed in dazzling white; and before you know it, the children are seeing what you see. Let it happen that for the moment only the personages of the story are present, for the class as for you. When you are the medium through which these personages act, you have become the perfect story-teller.

Let perfection, then, be our aim. It is not often our attainment, but I believe there is no teacher who truly loves little children who may not become an efficient story-teller. Like all good things, it means work and it means patience; but these succeed in the end; and such success, the power to hold and influence a child for good through a beautiful literary form, is worth all it costs.

THE USE OF HAND-WORK

Hand-work has become a familiar and much desired feature in the Twentieth Century Sunday School. Books have been written to show its possibilities, and it is given paragraphs if not pages in most manuals on Sunday-school pedagogy. In actual practice, however, it does not always reach the goal set for it. We are so dazzled by its immediate success that we are apt to lose sight of the goal altogether. For hand-work surely does remove certain of those difficulties which prevent a Sunday school from making a brilliant appearance. It lends sufficient attraction to the lesson hour to raise the standard of attendance in a marked degree; it makes discipline easier by using up the pupil's superfluous energy; it can be made to occupy so much time that the poorly prepared teacher may sit back in her chair and rest, while the pupils work. But this easy success is the danger of hand-work. Unless it is managed with care—as much care as the teacher gives to her own presentation of the lesson—it becomes merely entertainment for the pupil and lessens the responsibility of the teacher, an outcome most unfortunate, as responsibility and interest go hand in hand, and when one begins to limp, the other lags behind.

What, then, must the teacher do to avoid pitfalls? She must understand first that the purpose of hand-work is not separate from that of the rest of the lesson but identical with it; and in the second place,

that its function should be to emphasize the thought already presented in the story by bringing into play more of the child's faculties. He is led to express through visual imagery and the sense of touch what he received from the story through sense of hearing; and the lesson is the more enduring because he has learned it through personal activity instead of being merely a passive spectator.

Nor should the teacher think that she can be a passive spectator while the pupil works. She must be on the alert to appreciate and to criticise. In modeling and all forms of drawing, the child expresses himself with such joy and lack of self-consciousness that it is a temptation to sit back and let him alone. But this would be a serious mistake. He is not working for his own pleasure. He craves your sympathy, your appreciation of what he has tried to do. It is usually better not to interfere while he is busy, but you must be on the alert to respond as soon as he needs you. As for criticism, the teacher, like the parent, must use her judgment as to when to let the child go alone and when to point the way. In hand-work, so long as it is a matter of technique that you would criticise,—“the shapes of things, their colors, lights and shades”—let him alone, by all means. We are not conducting classes in art. But if he shows in his work that he has missed the point, failing to express the thought you wish him to remember, he must be set right, by question, suggestion, or repetition of significant parts of the story.

The varying kinds of hand-work furnished with this course require different degrees of assistance from the teacher. Texts and outline drawings are so much a guide in themselves that free expression is limited to the choice and laying on of colors.

When color is an essential part of the lesson, the teacher must be watchful. Since Lot chose the Plains of Jordan because they were green, it would be thwarting the purpose of the lesson to have them colored brown. But unless there is danger of falsifying the idea conveyed by the story, the child should be left free to express himself, even if he does delight in lurid colors where you prefer pastel shades. He may have reasons of his own for coloring a man green or a cat scarlet. As for the text, which is always a memory verse, the pupil had better learn it before he colors it, especially if the letters are Old English and not easily read by little people. The act of coloring helps to fix it in the memory, and it does more. When a child colors a text, he loves it because he has tried to make it beautiful. It is almost as if he had composed it. He has learned it by heart, which is far better than learning it by rote.

The freest form of self-expression is imaginative drawing. It gives the child his opportunity to construct for himself—on his own sheet of paper, with his own box of crayons—whatever scene in the story he has found most significant. It is a thoroughly good test of the story's success, for the pupil must have received a definite impression in order to picture it. As for direction, after being told to make a picture of the story, he should be left in peace until he has produced results of some sort. Then the teacher's work begins. Has he copied his neighbor? Isolate him next time. I have known one strong spirit to so dominate a class that it was necessary to have the pupils turn their backs on each other and to sit as far apart as space permitted. This was done with entire good feeling, the children

understanding that it was individual work which the teacher valued. Has imagination run riot so that action of men and beasts is overshadowed by vegetation? Bring out by questioning whatever in the story is most essential and teach the pupil to make that of most prominence in his picture. For example, in the story of David and Saul, the important scenes are those in which Saul and David come together, either David standing over Saul at the mouth of the cave, or their dramatic meeting, when Saul realizes David's great mercy. All of the teacher's suggestions should be along lines of definite thinking and emphasis. But it is wise not to suggest before you question. The child may have the larger wisdom,—like a little girl who pictured the Twenty-third Psalm as a river with green fields and sheep grazing, but no shepherd. "Where is the Good Shepherd?" asked the teacher. "I thought he was always near green fields and still waters," said the child, "and that there wasn't any need of my putting him in the picture."

Filling in the outline story is an intellectual exercise and requires the teacher's closest attention throughout. It is a most accurate test of memory, as the pupil must find exactly the right words to complete the account. It is really a rapid exercise in composition in which the rhetorical form is supplied, leaving the pupil to furnish the ideas. For this reason, the words omitted have been selected with great care. They are always significant, so that the act of writing them helps to strengthen the impression which the lesson should make. After the story is completed by all the pupils, one may be called upon to read it aloud. As this kind of work is not easy for little children, it has not been intro-

duced until late in the course. Even then, there may be pupils who need considerable help with the mechanical part of it,—writing or printing. (If the school is too small to be perfectly graded, so that there are pupils in the class too young to do this work even with help, the teacher is advised to substitute imaginative drawing in lessons where the outline story occurs.) Sometimes, the children need more than mechanical help, not in actually telling the desired word, but in suggestive questioning. Assistance of this sort may be made a class exercise or a matter of individual supervision. I have seen a class so controlled that they filled in the story as one person. One child would read aloud until she came to the first blank. Another would instantly supply the missing word and each pupil would write it. The next in turn would read to the next blank, and so on, until the story was complete. It was perfect team-work and as a method would be acceptable in a class of children of nearly equal ability; but it might be too easy a way out for the child who was lazy or backward, allowing the rest of the class to do the thinking for him. The ideal way is for each pupil to have so clear a conception of the story that he can fill in the outline without help.

Modeling in plasticine is a joy to the child because it employs the earliest active of his senses, touch. It is the most popular form of kindergarten work, and the child of seven has not forgotten its fascinations. At the same time, it is the most limiting to the imagination and needs some engineering on the part of the teacher to make it a success. It takes a very few minutes to model one figure or object, and before we know it, the pupil is modeling anything free fancy dictates, whether connected with the lesson or

not,—more often not. But if the pupils are led to work together, so that their separate contributions form a group reproducing in three dimensions what imaginative drawing gives in two, with suggestive background of trees or mountains, and figures which at least indicate action, plasticine becomes a medium second only to the drama itself for enlivening the content of the lesson.

Finally, I would add a word of suggestion concerning ways and means. Tables are most useful but not essential. If the chairs are kindergarten size, ordinary chairs may be used as tables. Pieces of heavy cardboard make excellent drawing boards and occupy little space on the supply shelf, although for plasticine, wooden boards are much better, as they can be scraped clean. For coloring, I have used "Rubens" Crayola, a wax crayon which does not rub or soil the fingers. A ten cent box holds twelve colors. Each pupil should have his own box. The teacher will need to sharpen the crayons occasionally. Lead pencils are indispensable for filling in skeleton stories. Harbutt's plasticine can be bought in a variety of colors at thirty-five cents a pound, and will supply the class indefinitely if only the best models are preserved.

The last feature of hand-work is a lesson in orderliness. As every reader of Madame Montessori knows, it is important to make each child responsible and self-reliant; and here is an opportunity not to be missed. The pupil may learn not to drop his crayons on the floor and to put his own crayons in his own box at the close of the lesson. When plasticine is used, a thorough application of Dennison's paper toweling will make the hands presentable more quickly than water, which has little effect.

The class can also do good work by scraping every particle of the substance from table and modeling board.

All this sounds as if it would take a good deal of time; but the entire lesson, including hand-work, can be given in half an hour. If children do fall behind, either from natural deliberateness or absence from class, they are usually eager to make up the work at home. It is for the teacher herself to say how she shall adapt the work to fit special cases. But I hope the suggestions offered may be of real use in helping her to see the possibilities of hand-work and its power to make the children realize more vividly what it means to live happily together.

MEMORY WORK

For the memory work of this grade, it seems advisable to make the following requirements:

I. The two Great Commandments.

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the great and first commandment. And a second like unto it is this, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.

Matthew 22:37-39.

II. Seven of the memory verses given with the lessons, to be recited when a key-word is given; for example, "kind" for the verse, Be ye kind, one to another.

III. Emerson's lines from "Each and All:"

**All are needed by each one,
Nothing is fair or good alone.**

IV. The four following verses of Theodore Chickering Williams' hymn, "**Thy Brother:**"

When thy heart, with joy o'erflowing,
Sings a thankful prayer,
In thy joy, O let thy brother
With thee share.

When the harvest-sheaves ingathered
Fill thy barns with store,
To thy God and to thy brother
Give thee more.

If thy soul, with power uplifted,
Yearn for glorious deed,
Give thy strength to serve thy brother
In his need.

Share with him thy bread of blessing,
Sorrow's burden share;
When thy heart enfolds a brother,
God is there.

PART I

HOW MEN OF OLD LIVED TOGETHER

THEME

By their fruits ye shall know them.

Matthew 7:20.

LESSON 1

THE HERMIT OF THE HIMALAYAS

The Purpose

The purpose of this lesson is identical with that of Part II, the group covering November, and teaches that we are dependent upon each other for material things,—that we cannot live, unless we help each other to get food and drink.

Memory Verse

For none of us liveth to himself and none dieth to himself.

Romans 14:7.

Opening Talk

Shall we say our memory verse together? Yes, once more, so that every one may repeat it clearly. What do you suppose it means?

Perhaps you can tell better after I tell you a story.

Suggestions for Telling the Story

Emphasize the wretched state of the hermits without anything to eat, and their helpless condition. "They could do *nothing* to help themselves." Show that the panther, and the beasts he brings with him, are equally wretched because they are thirsty. The hermit who comes to the rescue is the one who "was good and kind and not afraid." He wishes to help

as far as he can. It is his kindness which results in a council of the animals. Make the elephant's speech impressive, lifting the voice a little and pronouncing every word distinctly. This speech contains the thought of the lesson, which is repeated in the closing paragraph.

The Hermit of the Himalayas

Once upon a time, and it may have been long ago, five hundred hermits lived together at the foot of the highest mountains in the world, the ridged and rocky, snow-capped Himalayas. But where the hermits lived, the land was not ridged and rocky; it was covered with a vast forest of banyan trees and thorn bushes. The hermits lived on the edge of the forest because it was full of cool shadows when the sun was hot and because the banyan trees and thorn bushes kept off the wind when the nights were cold. But the hermits did not spend their days lying under the banyan trees. They were not as lazy as all that. Indeed, they were most industrious hermits and worked hard raising rice on the flat ground on either side of the river. The hermits ate the rice—it was about all they had, except sometimes nuts and what honey the bees stored in the rocks and hollow trees. But the hermits liked rice and they liked nuts and honey, and the water of the river was cool and good to drink.

Then there came a time which they never forgot as long as they lived, when the water of the river was so low that they could not drink it. There had been no rain for days and days. The rice fields dried up. The earth was like powder, and when the wind blew at all, it was a warm, choking wind which blew the powdery earth in the hermits' faces.

So they stayed all the time under the ~~banyan~~ trees where it was shady, and they found a spring which did not dry up like the river because it came from deep down under the highest mountains. The hermits drank of it and were not thirsty, but they were very hungry, for the rice had all dried up and there were not enough nuts and honey to last very long.

And then, when there was nothing they could do to help themselves, something very strange happened.

While the hermits were sitting near the spring, under the ~~banyan~~ trees, they heard a rustling of a thorn bush and then a soft pitter-patter, and before they could catch their breath, a panther slipped cat-like from behind a bush. The hermits scrambled out of the way and hid behind trees,—all but one. He sat still and watched, for he was sorry for the poor panther, whose tongue hung out of his mouth, he was so hot and thirsty.

The panther did not look at the hermit at all. He crawled up to the spring and tried to catch the drops of water as they trickled down the side of the rock.

“Oh, you poor beast!” exclaimed the hermit, “you can’t get much that way. I will get a pail to catch the water.”

The panther’s big, velvety eyes looked as if he understood. The hermit brought a pail and the water soon filled it, so that the panther had all he needed. As he drank, he felt so much better that his legs grew stronger and quite soon he could walk off, almost as well as ever.

The next day, the hermit heard the pattering of feet again. Was it his friend the panther? He hoped so, for he already felt as fond of the great

cat as you do of your dog or kitten. I think it was because he had helped him. Don't you?

Yes, it was the panther; but this time, he was not alone. He headed a long, long procession of beasts,—the elephant and the lion, the deer and the fox, the wolf and the bear, the monkey and the buffalo, and last of all, a timid, little rabbit,—all just as thirsty as they could be. The four hundred and ninety-nine hermits hid behind the trees again, but the one, who was good and kind and not afraid, was troubled only for fear there would not be enough water to go around. He was right. The water in the pail was gone in no time and the poor beasts were looking at him wistfully. There were so many of them, all looking at once, that he did not know what to do.

Just then, he noticed a fallen tree-trunk near by. It occurred to him that it would make a good trough, so he hollowed it out and dragged it under the spring. It was hard work for he was weak from hunger, but when the trough began to fill with water so that more of the animals could drink at once, he felt that it had been worth while.

When the four hundred and ninety-nine hermits saw all the animals quietly drinking, they were so astonished that they forgot to be afraid, and they came crawling out from behind the trunks of the banyan trees very much as the panther had crawled out from behind the thorn-bush. Only *they* crawled because they were so hungry. All the animals noticed it, and they also saw how their good friend had staggered when he was dragging the tree-trunk under the spring.

That night, the animals held a council in the forest when the moon was bright. They sat in a circle and the elephant spoke.

“Friends and enemies,” he said, “we used to quarrel and kill each other, and sometimes we killed Man; but we are all friends now because we have all together nearly died of thirst. And Man is our friend because one hermit has saved our lives. But our friend Man will die soon if we do not bring him food. What can we do? I, for one, will strip the fruit from the banana trees with my trunk, for I have heard it said that bananas are good food for Man.”

The other animals all agreed to help in any way they could. It was decided that the elephant, as well as any creatures which could climb, should gather fruit from the trees and that the others should carry it.

So next day, the hermits again heard the pattering of feet. They were no longer afraid; they supposed the animals were coming for water. But what was their surprise to see them come in sight loaded down with bananas and bread-fruit, cocoanuts and ~~man-
goes and jambus and~~ every fruit that grew in the forest. Each dropped his load before the hermits, drank from the trough, and went his way.

Every day after that, as long as the drought lasted, the animals brought fruit to the hermits and drank from the trough which the kindest hermit of them all had placed under the spring. Because each helped the other, the lives of all were saved, for the animals would have died without water and the hermits would have starved without food.

(Adapted from the Jataka.)

Now who can tell me what our memory verse means? Yes, it means that the hermits and the animals needed each other's help; and it means that *we*

need each other's help. What does your father do all day? He works, earning money to buy food for you. What can you do for him? Every little thing you do, putting his newspaper where he can find it, running errands for him, saves trouble for him and makes it easier for him to do his work well and get food for you and mother. And you can help mother in the same way, so that she can see that dinner is properly cooked and that your clothes are mended. I once knew a boy who wouldn't help his mother; and then she had no time to sew the buttons on his coat and he couldn't go skating that afternoon.

(The teacher may think of other and better illustrations for applying this lesson; but she is cautioned not to multiply them. There is danger of wearying the child by excessive application. Moreover, this principle is developed more fully later in the course.)

Hand-work

We have our memory verse printed on a sheet for you to color, and I hope you will use the prettiest colors you can find in the box. Of course, the leaves of the morning-glory should be green but the blossoms can be pink or blue; and the letters may have as many colors as you like.

LESSON 1a *

ST. FRANCIS AND THE WOLF

The Purpose

Again we have a lesson which shows that material comforts are necessary for a happy life. A hungry creature may be a dangerous wolf; properly fed, he is a peaceable citizen. Also, love and kindness like that of St. Francis, may overcome the fiercest hatred and set wrong things right.

Opening Talk

Was the Hermit of the Himalayas afraid of the panther? What did he do for him? Are you ever cross because you are hungry? It is hard, sometimes, not to be cross, and we should be patient with people who are hungry. Sometimes poor little children steal bread when they have been very hungry for a long time, and do other things which they would never do if they had enough to eat. The story to-day is about a hungry wolf and a good man who was patient with him.

Suggestions for Telling the Story

This story is based upon the story of St. Francis and the Wolf in the "Little Flowers of St. Francis." In the telling, bring out the fear of the citizens of Gubbio, but do not emphasize it unduly. The emphasis should be placed upon the serenity of St.

* Lessons marked "a" may be omitted if necessary. This group should be completed by the first of November.

Francis and the submission of the Wolf when he is treated kindly. To the adult mind, the tale smacks of the unreal and miraculous; but the more credulous mind of a child can learn from it a lesson of mercy. After all, the foolish people were frightened because a starving animal attacked them. The tameness of the Wolf in the presence of St. Francis makes their fear ridiculous. The class should go away with the impression that the Wolf wasn't so bad after all,—that if he had been treated kindly in the first place there wouldn't have been all that trouble.

St. Francis and the Wolf

Saint Francis lived several hundred years ago in Italy. All the clothes he owned were a brown gown with a rope for a belt, and leather sandals. He generally went bareheaded unless the sun was hot or the rain heavy, and then he drew the hood of his gown over his head and went his way very comfortably. There were years when he had no home, but it made no difference for he was happy anywhere. Every man was his friend and even the wild beasts trusted him.

One day, when St. Francis was out for a walk, he saw a little town perched on a hill.

"There is Gubbio," he said to some friends who were walking with him. "I have good friends there. We must go up and make them a visit."

There was a high stone wall all about Gubbio which you couldn't possibly have climbed because it was higher than a house and very steep. People went in and out of a great door called a gate which was locked every night to keep out robbers; but in the day-time, it was generally wide open.

This morning, when St. Francis and his friends came to the gate, they were surprised to find it closed. They had to knock several times before any one opened it.

"What is the trouble, good brother, that the gate is shut?" asked St. Francis.

"It's a great Wolf!" said the man, who was a peasant. "A huge fierce fellow he is, too. He eats men. He is so bold that we have seen him at this very gate where you came in, just now. It's a mercy that he didn't eat you."

"And no one dares go outside?" said St. Francis.

"No one," said the peasant. "We men used to go, but we had to put on coats of mail just as if we were going to war and even then, two of us had to go together."

By this time, the street was full of people who had heard the knocking at the gate. They looked so frightened and wild-eyed that St. Francis was sorry for them.

"Come, brothers," he said to his companions, "we will go out and see this Wolf."

The people cried out, "No, no!" until the narrow street echoed. Those who were nearest clutched the skirts of St. Francis' brown gown.

"Yes, yes!" said St. Francis, "I am not afraid of the Wolf. He will be my friend."

The people knew that St. Francis meant what he said and opened the gates, but their fingers trembled as they drew back the bolts.

St. Francis and his companions went straight to the hills where the Wolf was hiding and the people of Gubbio followed at a safe distance. But St. Francis was fearless. He put his trust in God.

So he left even his faithful companions and went

on alone. And then he saw the Wolf, running swiftly with head low and mouth partly open. St. Francis stood still.

“Come hither, Brother Wolf,” said St. Francis. “In the name of Jesus, do not hurt anybody.”

The Wolf closed his mouth, stopped running. He crept forward and lay down at the feet of St. Francis.

“Brother Wolf,” said St. Francis, “thou hast done great harm in these parts, killing God’s creatures,—not only beasts but men, whom God made in his image! For this, thou art deserving to die like a murderer. All people cry against thee and all this land hates thee. But I, Brother Wolf, would make peace between thee and the people. Do no more harm and they will forgive thee, and neither men nor dogs shall torment thee any more.”

The Wolf wagged his tail and his head drooped. He knew what it was to be tormented by men and dogs. He, as well as the people, had had a hard time.

“Brother Wolf,” said St. Francis, and he looked at the poor, lean sides where every rib showed, “if thou art willing to be peaceable, I promise thee that thou shalt be fed as long as thou livest; for I know well that thou hast done all this harm because thou wert hungry. But since I do this for thee, Brother Wolf, wilt thou promise me that thou wilt never again hurt either an animal or a human being?”

The Wolf bowed his head, but St. Francis wanted more.

“Brother Wolf, thou must give security for thy promise, that I may surely trust thee.”

St. Francis stretched forth his right hand. The people gave a great cry of wonder, for the Wolf

lifted his right paw and meekly placed it in the hand of St. Francis, giving all the promise he could.

“Brother Wolf,” said St. Francis, “come with me and let us repeat this promise before all the people.”

The Wolf followed St. Francis back to the town, and as the news spread, men and women, young and old, big and little, trooped to the market-place to see the Wolf with St. Francis. When everybody in town was surely there, St. Francis—and you know by this time that he was a real saint—spoke to the people.

“Listen, my brothers; Brother Wolf, here before you, has promised me to make peace with you and not to trouble you again in any way; and you are to promise him that you will give him all he needs to eat. I will give security for him that he will keep the peace.”

The people all shouted at once that they would feed their new friend regularly.

“And thou, Brother Wolf,” said St. Francis, “dost thou promise to observe this treaty of peace that thou wilt harm neither men nor animals nor any creature?”

The Wolf kneeled and bowed his head; he wriggled gently, he wagged his tail and lifted his ears, showing as plainly as a wolf could that he would keep the treaty.

“But, Brother Wolf,” urged St. Francis, “I wish thee to promise me before all these people as thou didst outside the gate, and let me promise in turn never to break my word to thee.”

The Wolf understood, for he lifted his paw and placed it in the hand of St. Francis. Once more the people cried out, this time with joy, and they

thanked God for sending them St. Francis who had saved them from the mouth of the Wolf. No one knows what the Wolf thought, but we can guess that he was thankful too; for he would never have been so fierce if he had not nearly starved to death in the first place.

He lived two years in Gubbio and went among the houses from door to door, without hurting any one. He was fed by the people most politely, and not even a dog barked at him. After two years, Brother Wolf died of old age, and every one was sorry. He was not only loved for his own sake but was always reminding the people of their dear friend, St. Francis.

(Adapted from "The Little Flowers of St. Francis.")

Hand-work

We have a picture to color to-day, to help us remember St. Francis and the Wolf.

LESSON 2

ABRAHAM'S GENEROSITY TO LOT

The Purpose

This story is an instance of living together in the family. Although Abraham was the older, he gave Lot first choice, and the result was a life of friendliness. The lesson symbolizes Part III, the December group. Abraham's kindness should be presented as an attractive example of consideration and unselfishness. It is the more valuable because his inspiration comes through the word of God, who wishes us to live together happily.

Opening Talk

Do you remember what we said last Sunday about helping father and mother? Do you help your brothers and sisters too? Do you ever give them presents, not only on their birthdays and on Christmas, but on other days? We have a story to-day of a man who made his nephew a present which was very different from the kind you have told about, although it is a kind that you can give too.

Suggestions for Telling the Story

As in the lesson about the Hermit of the Himalayas, the direct discourse should be distinctly spoken,—the more so, as the language is taken directly from the account in Genesis. Children will

appreciate the beauty and dignity of Bible phraseology if it is repeated with sufficient impressiveness. The stages of Abraham's journey can be made exciting by emphasizing the adventurous tone. The teacher is advised to read the story aloud several times, when she prepares it, in order to get the emphasis in the right place. Much can be done by pauses and dropping the voice a little where Abraham listens for God's voice. Bring out that Abraham was contented with the results of Lot's choice, simply because he thought Lot would be happier. The after events, Abraham's prosperity and Lot's misfortunes, had better not be touched upon in this connection.

Abraham's Generosity to Lot

Abraham lived in a pleasant hill-country east of the broad river Euphrates. From the time when he was a little boy, he had God for a companion. Whenever he was quiet, he felt that God was beside him; and he often heard God's voice in his heart telling him what to do. To-day we all hope to hear God's voice in our hearts, but in those days very few people heard it. They thought the sun was God, and the moon and the stars; and they built bright-colored altars to please the stars and moon and sun; but the people never knew whether they were pleased or not, for these are very far off and cannot speak to men's hearts as our God does.

One day, God said to Abraham,

"Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto the land that I will show thee: and I will make of thee a great nation, and I will bless thee, and make thy name great; and be thou a blessing."

Abraham began at once to think of that wide, wide country toward the west where nobody had ever gone, and how exciting it would be to pack all his goods on the backs of camels and go away from the bright-colored altars of the sun and moon and stars to the misty, blue plains beyond the river. There he would build altars himself to God, and found a new nation with God's help.

So Abraham started, as God had put it into his heart to do, with Sarah his wife and Lot his nephew; and with them went their herdmen and servants. They left the pleasant hill-country behind them and crossed the broad river Euphrates, and straight across the misty, blue plains they went. They rode all day, high on the backs of camels; and at night they slept in tents. Camels can go fast if they have to, since they have such long legs; but these camels went slowly so that the sheep and oxen and asses could keep up. They were really a very long time crossing the misty, blue plains, but Abraham never got tired or wished that he had stayed at home. All the time, he was looking for the land God had promised to show him; and every morning he was sure that if he did not find it that day, it would not be very long.

At last, they arrived at Shechem in the land of Canaan; and Abraham came down from the back of his tall camel and rested under an oak tree which had a stout trunk and wide, whispering branches. It was a pleasant place, and he hoped it might be the land he was looking for.

Presently he heard God's voice saying,
"Unto thy children will I give this land."

Then Abraham knew that he had found the new country. He sprang up from under the oak tree and

called Lot and their servants. They collected all the stones they could find,—stones that were round and smooth and stones with sharp edges,—and made a heap of them with a wide, flat one on top so that it looked like a table. This was Abraham's first altar, and although it was not bright with colors, it did very well. They knelt down before it—Abraham and Sarah and Lot and all their herdmen and servants—and thanked God for bringing them to their new home in safety. And we may be sure that God heard.

But when they thought of staying, they found that it had been a very dry season and there wasn't enough to eat. They decided that they must go away for a little while and come back when there had been rain enough to make the grass grow. So they went to Egypt, for there was plenty of food down there. They went as fast as the sheep and oxen and asses would let them. But as for what they did in Egypt and how long they stayed, that is another story. Only they grew very rich, did Abraham and Lot. When they finally came back to Canaan, they had sacks full of silver and gold and so many sheep and oxen and asses and camels that you couldn't have counted them.

It was all very well to have so much property as long as they were traveling through a wide and open country, where every day they found fresh fields full of grass; but when they were actually back in Canaan and ready to settle, it was a different matter. It looked as if they would never in the world find one place with enough grass for all those sheep and cattle and oxen. The herdmen quite lost their tempers and were so cross about it that Abraham's servants quarreled with Lot's for the places

which had the best grass, and began to strike each other.

Abraham, in his tent, heard the blows and loud voices. It was hard to listen to God then, but he did; and when he had listened, he knew what he must do. There was land enough in Canaan, and because they had so many to provide for, each must choose where he would live. Lot was Abraham's own nephew; he loved him and would give him first choice.

Abraham went from his tent to Lot's and said,

"Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between thee and me, and between my herdmen and thy herdmen; for we are brethren. Is not the whole land before thee? separate thyself, I pray thee, from me: if thou wilt take the left hand, then will I go to the right; or if thou take the right hand, then I will go to the left."

Lot went out and looked the country over. On the west, to be sure, was the land where they expected to settle in the first place; but it was hilly, with rocks and a scrubby growth of bushes, and did not look very fertile. He was afraid that his cattle would grow thin in such barren pastures. To the east, was the Plain of Jordan, so green that it looked like the gardens of Egypt. Lot was tired. He had come a long way, under the hot sun, and the sight of those green fields was like a drink of cold water when you are very thirsty. The thought of living on the bare, dry hills was hateful to him just then. So he chose the plain, and separating his sheep and cattle and asses and camels from Abraham's, he went down to the river Jordan and pitched his tents there.

Strange to say, Abraham did not seem to care at

all because Lot had chosen the grassiest places and left the bare hills to him. He knew that he could live on the hills—God would help him—and he was glad, in any case, that Lot's home would be near his. Indeed, Abraham was really happier than he had been since they first came to Canaan, now that he knew that Lot's cattle would have all the grass they needed. As for Lot, he was so grateful to Abraham that he loved and respected him more than ever and there was never any danger of their quarreling again.

(Adapted from Genesis 12:1-10; 13:1-12.)

Now can you tell me what Abraham gave to Lot?

Yes, he let him choose first. Is this something we can all give? Why is it even better than a Christmas present?

Our memory verse to-day is very short. This is it:

Memory Verse

Love never faileth.

I Corinthians 13:8.

Hand-work

The verse is printed on the sheet which has a drawing for you to color. The hills are Abraham's home, while at their foot are the green fields which Lot chose for his cattle and sheep. In the very front of the picture is the river Jordan.

LESSON 2a

ABRAHAM AND THE ROBBER KINGS

The Purpose

This lesson, if used at all, should follow Lesson 2. Its purpose is the same,—to show Abraham's generosity to Lot.

Opening Talk

Let us think for a minute about our lesson of last Sunday. Who were Abraham and Lot? What journey did they take? Where did they go to live? Why could they not live together? How was Abraham kind to Lot? Where did Lot go?

This is another story about Abraham and Lot, telling what happened after they separated.

Suggestions for Telling the Story

The story shows Lot in trouble, and Abraham strong and able to rescue him. Emphasize Lot's discomfort. His neighbors were "disagreeable"; also the country was "unsafe." Why? . . . Robber kings are picturesque, the class will listen closely here. Keep the alliteration of slipped and slid and slimy. It conveys the suggestion of slipperiness. Make the class sympathize with Lot's distress by the tone of voice with which you tell it. When you come to the passage "Abraham rose to his feet," speak more rapidly. Be sure of the attention of the class

for the last sentence in the story. A little pause, while you look at them earnestly, ought to secure it.

Abraham and the Robber Kings

Abraham lived in the hill country of Canaan. It had seemed bare to Lot, when he made his choice, but Abraham's sheep and cattle found enough to eat. There was good grass in the valleys, and on plains beyond the hills,—the plains which Lot could not see. He was a little surprised to see how well his uncle's flocks and herds looked when he came to see him.

This was at first, when they lived only a little way apart. As time went on, they went farther and farther away from each other. It was not because they quarreled; they were too good friends for that. But they lived in tents; and when their cattle had eaten all the grass in one place, they pulled up their tent-pins and moved on to another. Abraham went deeper into the hills until he came to Hebron. There he made friends with the native tribes and lived in peace and happiness. Lot went down along the Jordan, where the fields were still green, until he came near Sodom. If he tried to make friends with his neighbors, he couldn't have succeeded very well, for they were disagreeable and not kind to strangers. After a time, Lot did know them well enough to learn that he had settled in an unsafe country. They told him of four kings, who had organized into a kind of robber band. They went up and down the country, frightening little cities. They would march in and say that the city belonged to them, and every year it must pay them so much silver or gold, whether it could afford to or not. Sodom had a king of its own and had no intention of paying silver or

gold to robber kings. So the King of Sodom sent word to the King of Gomorrah, which was the nearest city, and they formed a league,—which means that they promised to stand by each other and fight together against the robber kings. As there were four robber kings, and they were only two, they took three other cities into the league. Then, they thought, they were surely safe, as they were five kings against four.

But the robber kings were not frightened in the least. They came all together and at once against the Sodom and Gomorrah league, and made them fight in a valley which was full of slime pits. The league did its best, but their men slipped and slid and fell into the slimy holes, so there was no fighting for them. The Kings of Sodom and Gomorrah ran away and hid in the mountains, while the robber kings came joyfully down and took everything they wanted,—silver and gold and sheep and cattle and even men and women and children, for they thought that if they took them captive, their relatives, if there were any who escaped, might buy them back for quite a price.

Lot and his family were among the captives. Poor Lot! All he owned had been taken by these robber kings, and now he was forced to go with them miles and miles into a strange country. Even if he escaped, he did not see how he ever could find his way back. As for his kind uncle, Abraham, he believed that he never would see him again.

But of all the captives, one man got away. He had heard Lot tell of Abraham, how rich he was, how strong and brave, and he knew that he was living in Hebron. So he ran through the dark night; and during the day he rested a very little and went

more cautiously, so that no one should see him; and at last he came to Abraham and told him what had happened.

Abraham rose to his feet. He called his own men together, and he sent word to his friendly neighbors on this side and on that, telling them that four robber kings had carried off his nephew Lot and that he needed their help. They liked Abraham so much that they came at once, and taking the man who had escaped to show them the way, they started out to find the robber kings.

It was night when they found them, but Abraham did not wait until morning. When morning had come, he had won a battle and was driving the kings before him. He never stopped until they were north of Damascus, and that was a long way from Sodom. Then he returned, with all of the silver and gold and cattle and sheep which the robber kings had taken; and what was better, with every man and woman and child who belonged in the five cities of the league. And Lot and his family rode by Abraham's side.

The five kings came out to honor Abraham. The greatest of them was Melchizedek, King of Salem and priest of the most high God. Melchizedek blessed Abraham for all he had done; and then the King of Sodom offered Abraham all the plunder he had rescued as a reward. Abraham, however, was not looking for rewards, especially from a man whom he knew to be so wicked as was the King of Sodom. It was enough for Abraham that he had saved Lot. So he refused to take anything and went back to Hebron.

But Lot went back to Sodom and lived there a little while longer. Probably he was happier, even

though his neighbors were unkind, since he knew that Abraham was always ready to help him.

(Adapted from Genesis 14.)

Hand-work

The text which was printed on our sheets last Sunday is outlined for us to color. It is short, but the letters are large and can be made beautiful if you are careful to keep within the lines.

LESSON 3

PETER AND CORNELIUS

The Purpose

The purpose of this lesson is to show that Peter and Cornelius needed each other. Peter knew things that Cornelius wished to know. Cornelius wanted to belong to that group who followed the Way, to live as they lived, and Peter knew how because he had been with Jesus. Peter needed to know Cornelius to learn that Romans were not all bad. He was happier in consequence because the world became more friendly and the scope of his work increased. The thought is developed more fully in the group "Living Happily with Neighbors."

Opening Talk

There were once three brothers whose father bought a house in the country. The house stood on a hill, and when winter came the coasting was the best the boys had ever known. They had a double-runner and expected to enjoy it very much, but a double-runner with only three boys on it doesn't go nearly as fast as it ought to. There were other boys in the village who had only sleds and not very good ones at that. They looked wistfully at the double-runner, but the brothers did not ask them to ride because they were proud, and they thought they might not like boys who had such poor sleds. But

at last, one of the village boys plucked up courage to ask the brothers if he and his friends might have just one ride. The brothers were polite boys, if they were proud; so the double-runner was crowded with boys, and went down the long hill faster than it ever had gone before! After that, it never made a trip without as many boys as it could carry.

There is a Bible story something like this, although it has nothing to do with sleds. It is about Peter and a Roman soldier named Cornelius, and when I have told you the story, I shall ask you to tell me in what way they were like the boys who went coasting.

Suggestions for Telling the Story

This story is a series of pictures. Tell it as if you were Cornelius seeing the man in white, or Peter, amazed at the sight of the great sheet. You can impress a class with awe by the expression in your own eyes. Once get that feeling of beholding the vision, and you will naturally use the right tone for both description and conversation,—dropping the voice when Cornelius whispers his question, making it clear and distinct in giving the reply. Peter, on the other hand, is quite emphatic when he announces that he has never eaten anything common or unclean. By emphasis, show Peter's astonishment at the very idea of calling Romans friends. He had never *thought* of such a thing; and yet,—there was that dream (less emphatic, with a rising inflection). If he had been too particular about his food, perhaps it was the same with choosing friends. This is still in a meditative tone, but you say quite positively, “So he invited the three men to spend the night.”

Peter's words, "Stand up; I myself also am a man," should be made especially clear and emphatic, for they tell the story of his real friendliness and relieve any suspense as to the outcome of the interview.

Peter and Cornelius

Long ago in Palestine, in the city of Cæsarea, there lived a Roman soldier named Cornelius. It was soon after the days when Jesus used to go up and down teaching people the happiest way to live, but Cornelius had never seen him, although he had wished to very much. Cornelius was a good man. He always helped poor people when he could—they called it giving alms—and he said his prayers regularly. One afternoon, he knelt in the court-yard of his house just as he had come in from riding, his spurs clanking on the pavement; and as he knelt, he faced the entrance to the court-yard. As he finished his prayer and opened his eyes, he saw the door open without making the least noise, and a man in dazzling white came in and stood before him. Cornelius could neither move nor turn away his eyes, but knelt there like a statue.

"What is it, Lord?" he whispered.

"God remembers thy prayers and thine alms. Send men to Joppa and fetch one Simon who is surnamed Peter: he lodgeth with one Simon a tanner, whose house is by the sea-side."

The man turned, and Cornelius instantly closed his eyes as if he had been gazing at sunlight on snow. When he opened them again, he was alone.

Cornelius had heard of Peter before; for Peter was one of the apostles who had been most with Jesus, and now he was going up and down Palestine

as Jesus had done, telling people about him and what he had said and what they must do to be one of his group of followers. Cornelius wished to know all this very much indeed. He was sure that he would be happier if he did know it. He was glad the man in white had put it into his head to send for Peter.

As for Peter, he was at Joppa as the man in white had said. He was lodging with Simon the tanner and every day he went out among the people to teach them and urge them to be one of the followers of Jesus. The day after Cornelius had seen the man in white, Peter came home very hungry after a busy morning's work. As the noon meal was not quite ready, he went up to the house-top to rest. He sat down in the warm sunshine and gazed over the sea. Its deep blue was splashed with green and flecked all over with points of silver. The little waves crooned a rhythmic song against the rocks. Peter found the strong light dazzling and closed his eyes for a minute. When he opened them, a cloud seemed to have passed over the sun, casting a moving shadow on the sea. He looked up and saw a white mass bulging like a kettle and sinking toward the shore instead of floating across the sky, as a well-behaved cloud should. As it came near, he saw it to be neither cloud nor kettle, but a square piece of sail-cloth, very large and fastened mysteriously as if a hand held the four corners together. When it came near him the corners fell apart, and Peter saw that it held cows and sheep and swine and locusts and hares and herons and other creatures. He thought it an unpleasant sight, for he did not like these creatures; and when he heard a voice saying, "Rise, Peter; kill and eat," he replied, "Not so, Lord; for I have never eaten anything that is com-

mon or unclean." Peter was very particular about what he ate. Then the voice said,

"What God hath cleansed, make not thou common."

This was repeated twice. Then the corners of the sheet were gathered up and the mass rose in the air until it looked again like a white cloud which grew smaller until it vanished. Rubbing his eyes to make sure, Peter saw nothing but a clear, blue sky and a deeper blue sea, whose little waves were still crooning their song against the rocks.

While Peter wondered what it all meant, he heard a loud knocking at the door of the house, and peeping cautiously over the edge of the roof, he saw three men whom he had never seen before. Then he heard God's voice in his heart telling him that he was needed, so he hurried down as fast as the steep stairs would let him. There he said to the men,

"I am he whom ye seek; what is the cause wherefore ye are come?"

When the men told him that they had come from Cornelius, a Roman soldier, who wished to see him, Peter was surprised, for he had an idea that only Jews like himself were good enough to follow Jesus. He had supposed that other people, Romans especially, could not understand, and he had never thought of calling them friends. Then he thought of the dream he had just had on the roof. If he had been too particular about his food, perhaps it was the same with choosing friends. So he invited the three men to spend the night in the house of Simon, and the next day, he went with them to the home of Cornelius, which was a little way up the coast.

Cornelius was waiting for them, with some of his friends and relatives. He met Peter at the door,

and he was so glad to see the man who had been with Jesus, that he fell down before him. But Peter lifted him to his feet, saying,

“Stand up; I myself also am a man.”

Peter and Cornelius went into the house talking together, and there Peter found the others, all Romans! When had he ever been in a Roman house before, and what would his own friends think of him? But now he was there, he would at least find out what they wanted. So he asked Cornelius why he had sent for him.

When Cornelius told him about the man in white, and how they all believed in God just as Peter did, and wanted so much to hear him talk about Jesus, Peter was surprised but also very glad. After all, God meant them all to be friends. So Peter told them about Jesus, and when he had finished, all the Romans began to talk about it, they were so interested and eager to join with Peter in his work. So they were made members of the group of people who were following the teachings of Jesus as closely as they could. Cornelius was quite happy, now that his wish was granted, and Peter felt that he could get followers of Jesus a great deal faster now that he could talk to Romans as well as Jews.

(Adapted from Acts 10.)

Now who can tell me why Peter and Cornelius were like the boys with sleds? Yes, Peter was like the brothers with the double-runner which could go very fast, and Cornelius was like the boys who wanted to go fast but could not because their sleds were not fit for it. When they were friends, it was better for both.

This is our memory verse to-day.

Memory Verse

Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.

Matthew 22:39.

Hand-work

The verse means just what we have been learning,—that we cannot get along without each other. In the picture, we have the memory verse in the middle with Peter on one side and Cornelius on the other, to help us to remember.

LESSON 4

THE BURNING BUSH

The Purpose

Moses, who is living comfortably in Midian, is called to give up this comfort to lead his people. It means personal sacrifice, the gift of self. The legendary element in the narrative, the Burning Bush, is symbolic of the glory of such a call.

Opening Talk

Did you ever hear the story of the baby Moses who was found by Pharaoh's daughter in a basket beside the river? (It is probable that the children have heard this story,—it comes in the kindergarten course; but if they haven't, outline it very briefly. The baby's mother was a Hebrew woman who lived in Egypt. She was afraid that the baby would be taken away from her, for Pharaoh did not like little Hebrew babies; so she put him in a basket and put the basket in the rushes beside the river. The baby's sister, Miriam, watched to see that nothing hurt him. Soon Pharaoh's daughter came to the river and found the baby. *She* liked babies and took him home with her and brought him up like a little prince. . . . If the children have heard the story, let them assist in recalling it.)

When Moses grew up, he did a great deal for his people. The story to-day tells how he first thought of helping them.

Suggestions for Telling the Story

The story has two parts. First, Moses is pictured as an exile who finds happiness in the home of Jethro. Make his comfort and satisfaction as vivid as possible.

The second part, the Call, is given, as nearly as is consistent with clearness, in the language of the Old Testament narrative. The teacher is advised to keep the phraseology, but to have clearly in mind Moses' reluctance in contrast to the insistence of the Call. This will make his final acceptance stronger.

The Burning Bush

Pharaoh's daughter took good care of Moses and in the King's palace he had everything he wanted; but he never forgot that his mother was a Hebrew. He went often to visit her and to see his brother, Aaron, and Miriam, the sister who had taken such good care of him when he was a baby. When he was there, he could not help seeing how hard the Hebrews had to work. He saw them making bricks under the hot sun; he saw the Egyptian overseers strike them if they stopped to rest.

One day, an overseer struck a Hebrew so hard that Moses was angry and himself struck the overseer. The blow was too hard and it killed the Egyptian. Moses knew that Pharaoh would punish him when he found it out, and he ran away, out of Egypt.

He ran through a wild country where he saw nobody. He slept out of doors at night. He ate what he could find, and drank from springs. It was not at all like living in the King's palace. He was often hungry and tired and always lonely.

At last, he saw sheep; and he was glad, for where

there were sheep there must be people. Then he saw a well of cool water and sat down by it. Presently seven young women came to draw water for a flock of sheep, but while they were filling the troughs, rude shepherds came and drove the women away. Moses was always ready to help people and he was a strong man; so he drove away the rude shepherds and drew water for the seven young women and watered their flock.

The women thanked him and went away, and the sheep went with them. Moses was lonely again and wondered where he should go next, and while he wondered, he still sat by the well. After a few minutes, one of the women came back and asked Moses to go with her to her father Jethro. Jethro was glad to see Moses because he had helped his daughters and driven away the shepherds; and when he heard that Moses had no home, he asked him to live with them.

Moses was happy in the family of Jethro. Every day he took the sheep to pasture and watched them as they grazed. The rude shepherds did not trouble them any more, now that they had learned how strong he was. All the daughters of Jethro were kind to Moses, but he cared most for Zipporah. He married her and had a son of his own; and they were so happy that Moses thought he should live in Jethro's home, the land of Midian, all the rest of his life.

Yet he sometimes spoke of the Hebrews in Egypt, —of his mother and brother and sister and how hard they had to work: and one day, when they heard that Pharaoh, the old King of whom Moses was afraid, was dead, Moses said that he was going back to Egypt. This was a surprise, when he had

seemed to be so comfortable and happy. A long time afterward, some one wrote a beautiful story telling how Moses came to change his mind.

Moses was keeping the flock of Jethro, and he led the flock to the mountain of Horeb. There God appeared in a flame of fire out of the midst of a bush. Moses looked and saw that the bush was burning and yet not hurt.

"This is a great sight," said Moses. "I will turn aside and see why the bush is not burnt!"

When God saw that Moses turned aside to see, he called to him out of the midst of the bush,

"Moses, Moses."

"Here am I," said he.

And God said,

"Draw no nearer: take off thy shoes, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground. I am the God of thy fathers, the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob."

Moses hid his face; for he was afraid to look upon God.

Then God said,

"I have seen the troubles of my people in Egypt; I know their sorrows; and I am come down to save them from the Egyptians and to bring them up out of that land into a good land flowing with milk and honey, into the land of Canaan. Come now therefore, and I will send thee to Pharaoh, that thou mayest bring forth my people, the children of Israel, out of Egypt."

"Who am I," said Moses, "that I should go to Pharaoh and bring forth the children of Israel out of Egypt?"

"I will be with thee," said God; "go and tell the men of Israel and they will listen."

Then Moses said,

“But I am not eloquent, I am slow of speech and of a slow tongue.”

“I will be with thee and will teach thee what to speak,” said God.

Even then Moses did not wish to go until God said,

“Is there not Aaron thy brother? I know that he can speak well. He will be glad to see thee and he will speak for thee to the people.”

Then Moses knew that he must go. He covered his face again at the thought. When he looked up, there was the bush, but there was no fire. Its leaves were green and moist. But Moses went no nearer, and he took his shoes in his hand and did not put them on at once. He led his flock down the mountain and went home, where he found Jethro.

“Let me go, I pray thee,” said Moses; “let me return to my people in Egypt, and see if they are yet alive.”

Jethro understood and said,

“Go in peace.”

So Moses gave up the easy task of a shepherd and devoted all the rest of his life to saving the Hebrew people.

(Adapted from Exodus 2:11-23; 3; 4:1-20.)

This story, in shorter form, is printed on your sheets, and I would like you to read it aloud, each taking one (or two) sentences.

Hand-work

Now that you have read the story, you may color the border.

LESSON 4a

THE BURDEN OF SAINT CHRISTOPHER

The Purpose

As in the story of Moses and the Burning Bush, this story tells of a life devoted to service of the highest.

Opening Talk

Where was Moses living when he had the vision of the Burning Bush? Was it an easy life? What did God tell him to do? Was this easy? Why not? (Because it meant a long journey away from his pleasant home,—because he had no idea how hard he might have to work in Egypt,—because he should have to talk to the people, and he did not enjoy making speeches. Avoid any difficulties which developed later, and which the class could certainly not realize.)

There is a story about another man who was called to do hard things.

Suggestions for Telling the Story

In the first paragraph, the words “strong” and “alone” give the clew; in the second paragraph, “the most powerful” and “nothing second-rate” are significant phrases. Notice that it is fear which makes Offero lose his respect first for the King, then for Satan. Connect with the loneliness mentioned in the first paragraph the words, “those whom he

helped became his friends and he was no longer lonely." Be sure to visualize the storm and Offero's struggle in crossing the river.

The Burden of Saint Christopher

There was once a boy named Offero, a name which means the Bearer. He was larger than the other boys, and so strong that he won every game. When they ran races, he would leave the others so far behind that he would be quite alone at the finish.

This made him proud but also lonely. He could never keep a friend because none of the boys was his equal. He liked to do hard things, but he could never find anything quite hard enough to satisfy him. So when he was older, he left his home, determined to find the richest and most powerful king in the world and to work for him. Only such a king, Offero felt, would be worth serving. He could not waste his time and strength on a second-rate king.

Offero traveled about and made inquiries of this man or that, along country roads and on city streets, until he heard of a king whom all believed the richest and most powerful in the world. He owned more land than you could see from a tree-top; his servants would fill a village. If there were a stronger or a richer king, no one had heard of him. So Offero went to the King and entered his service, doing gladly whatever was asked of him.

The King fought many battles, with Offero always in the front rank. The King felt safe when he saw him, for he knew no enemy could hurt him while this strong fellow was near. So Offero was given a place near the King, and became his bodyguard.

One day, the King gave a dinner in honor of a vic-

tory he had won. After dinner there was music, and one man read a poem which he had written telling about the victory. Several times, he mentioned the name of Satan, and each time the King trembled and touched his breast in the sign of a cross.

Offero saw this with the greatest surprise. Never before had he known this king to be afraid of anything. During the applause which followed the poem, he found a chance to whisper,

"Why did you tremble just now, and make the sign of the cross on your breast?"

"It was at the name of Satan," replied the King, trembling again; "Satan is the enemy of all the world and so strong that we make this sign to keep him away."

When Offero learned that there was one whom the King feared, he was sorely disappointed. He had been wasting time and strength after all, for he had not yet found the strongest ruler in the world. He left the King at once, and started out in search of Satan.

He found him without any trouble. Satan was glad to meet such a powerful fellow as Offero, and when he learned that Offero was seeking to serve the strongest king in the world, he exclaimed,

"Good! You have found him. Come with me; I will keep you busy."

It was not pleasant work, for it meant that every minute was spent in making trouble for other people; but Offero did as he was told, because every one they met was afraid of Satan, and he believed that he was serving the strongest of kings at last.

But one day, they saw a cross by the roadside, at some distance in front of them. Satan left the road and went a long way around, over rocks and

through bushes, and at last came back to the road with the cross well behind them.

"Why did you do that?" asked Offero; for although Satan often took roundabout paths, he had never before made so much trouble for himself.

"I did not like to go near the cross," replied Satan. "Christ died on it, and I am afraid of him."

"Then Christ must be stronger than you," said Offero. "I shall leave you and serve him."

Offero searched for many days, trying to find Christ, but he did not know the way. At last he met a man who looked as if he might know.

Offero stopped him, and told him his story.

"Would you serve Christ?" said the man. "I can show you a way. There is a river near, with no bridge and no ferry; and although it is not deep, few people are strong enough to wade across because of the current. A man as strong as you are could give your arm to those who need help. You could even carry the weaker ones on your back."

This was a new kind of service to Offero, but he consented to try it. He built a house beside the river and cut himself a stout staff. Henceforth he was ready to help people to cross the stream.

He found plenty to do. He led the men across the river, standing between them and the swift current. Women and children he carried on his broad shoulders. Sometimes it seemed to him strange that he should be serving Christ by looking after the weakest people; but those whom he helped became his friends and he was no longer lonely as he had always been before.

One night there came up a great storm of wind and rain. Offero was glad to stay inside his house, but he left the window open a very little, so that

he could hear if any one called. It was not likely, he thought, that a man would be out on such a night. Yet, even as the thought came to him, he heard a faint cry.

“Offero, will you take me over the river?”

He took his staff and went out, but could find no one in the darkness. He must have made a mistake. Back he went to his warm house.

The cry came again.

“Offero, will you carry me over the river?”

This time, he took his lantern, and searched until he found a little child, who begged Offero to carry him across.

The child was so light that Offero hardly felt his weight at all. But the river was high with the rain, and the wind blew so fiercely that Offero planted his staff more firmly than usual. Half-way across, the child began to grow heavy. Offero put forth all his strength against the fierce current. The child grew heavier. Offero grasped his staff with both hands and fought with the swirling water. The wind howled about his ears and the weight on his shoulders kept increasing.

When he reached the other side, he put down the child and drew a long breath. “I feel,” he said, “as if the weight of the whole world had been upon my shoulders!”

Then the child said,

“I am Christ, whom you wished to serve. I was heavy on your shoulders because I myself bear the burdens of the whole world. Since you have been so faithful a helper, your name shall henceforth be not Offero the Bearer, but Christoffer, the Christ Bearer.”

So Christopher, as he has been called ever since,

continued to serve his Master by helping other people, and although it was hard work sometimes, he did it gladly with all his great strength.

Hand-work

Here is a picture of Saint Christopher crossing the river with the Christ Child on his shoulder, as a famous artist named Titian painted him. You will find a frame outlined on your sheets, and after you have colored the frame, you may paste in the picture.

LESSON 5

DAVID AND SAUL

The Purpose

The group, of which this lesson is symbolic, is intended to show that "he that loveth his brother abideth in the light"; that courtesy, loyal service to ideals, mercy, self-sacrifice, blossom into beauty as naturally as a flower opens. In this story, David had every apparent reason for wreaking vengeance on his persecutor, but his love won a greater victory than force could ever have accomplished. So it is fitting that the climax should come at daybreak, that the light should grow stronger as David calls to Saul from the cave and the King realizes the greatness of David's soul.

Opening Talk

Did you ever do anything so naughty that father and mother were displeased with you? When you have said cross words to brother or sister or little friend, do you feel comfortable? How do you feel when they have said cross words to you? When you "make it up," how do you feel? Is it like having the sun come out after three days of rain?

We have a new memory verse to-day, and it means that the happy feelings you have when father and mother are proud of you, or when you and your friends are kind to each other and play

together without quarreling, are like those you have on a sunshiny day. This is the verse:

Memory Verse

He that loveth his brother abideth in the light.

I John 1:10.

“Abideth” means having light all about one, like sitting in the sunshine. Let us see how well we can say it.

Suggestions for Telling the Story

Be careful not to dwell upon the past events of David’s life, even though the class may wish to recall his experience with Goliath. This story teaches a different sort of lesson altogether. Make the pursuit vivid. “Saul sought for David *every day*.” Deprecate Saul’s joy when the Ziphites tell him where to find David. Say the words, “Saul was glad,” as if you yourself were sorry. When the climax comes, you have an opportunity to make an impression by emphasizing the words of David’s men. “You can do anything you like with him.” The surprise of the class, when they learn what it was that David did, ought to make its own impression.

David and Saul

There was once a shepherd boy named David. Some of us have heard how strong he was, and how kind to the lambs in his flock, saving them from wild beasts. He played the harp, too, so well that he was called to play before King Saul. When Saul saw how strong David was, and how kind, and heard him play so sweetly upon his harp, he loved him and made him his armor-bearer. As for

David, he worshiped Saul. He thought there never was such a king.

Then David killed the giant Goliath,—some of us have heard of that, too,—and the people began to worship David as David worshiped Saul. David was made a captain, and when he came home from war the Israelites ran out to meet him, shouting and singing. Because of this, a sad thing happened. Saul was afraid that his people liked David better than they liked him. He was even afraid they would make David king in his place. So his love for David turned to hate. Once and again, Saul threw his spear at David when he was playing on the harp, and if David had not jumped aside quickly it would have killed him. At last, David had to run away from Saul's court and live in caves and secret places where no man could find him.

Yet his father and brothers found him, and then his friends, especially those who did not like King Saul and were angry with him for trying to kill David. They came to David one by one, and two by two, until he had a little army of his own. He was glad to have his friends with him, but he was not as safe as he had been alone; there were too many to hide from Saul and not enough to fight with the King's great army. So they had to slip about from place to place, marching at night and camping in the wilderness, because Saul and his men pursued them continually, hoping to capture David.

At last, David and his men came to the Wilderness of Ziph where they hid in the thick woods. There they were safe for a little while, for although Saul sought for David every day, he could not find him. Perhaps he never would have found him if the

Ziphites had not gone to Saul and told him where David was.

“Come down, O King,” they said, “and our part shall be to give him up into the King’s hand.”

Saul was glad and said,

“May God bless you for telling me! Go again, make yet more sure where he is, for they tell me he is very clever. Find out all his hiding places and come to me again. Then I will surely go with you, and if he is anywhere in the land, I will find him.”

When Saul came, he caught David on a mountain. David was on one side and Saul and his men on the other. Then the army of the King spread out on this side and on that side, and began to form a circle about the foot of the mountain so that David would be caught on top. This time, Saul was sure of taking him, for David and his men could never force their way through Saul’s army.

David did not know what to do. He saw Saul and his men encircling the mountain and slowly coming up and up, nearer and nearer,—and then, suddenly, they stopped. Saul had word that the Philistines were robbing the land. So he called his men back and they went home to drive off the Philistines.

David left that mountain and lived in caves in the Wilderness of Engedi.

As soon as Saul had driven off the Philistines, he came back for David, with three thousand of his best men. They searched for him among the rocks where only wild goats lived; but although they came very near, they did not find him, for David and his friends were hiding in the deep, dark places of a cave.

Night came, and Saul was tired. He lay down just inside the cave where David was hiding, without knowing that he was there.

When he was asleep, David's men said,

"It is your turn now. You can do anything you like with him."

David went to the opening of the cave and stood over Saul with his sword in his hand. This, then, was the man who hated him and had tried to kill him, who was hunting him down like a fox. But Saul was also the King whom David respected, and the man whom he had loved like his own father. All that David could do with that sword was to cut off a piece of Saul's cloak. His men did not understand, but David would not let one of them touch the King. As long as Saul slept, David watched.

In the morning, when Saul left the cave, David followed and called to him,

"My lord, the King!"

Saul turned and saw David in the door of the cave. David held up the piece of Saul's cloak and told him that he had cut it off during the night; and he begged Saul not to believe that he would ever hurt him.

Then Saul said,

"Is this thy voice, my son David?" And he wept and said,

"Thou art more righteous than I: for thou hast rendered unto me good, whereas I have rendered unto thee evil."

(This means that David had done exactly what Jesus, a long time afterward, told his disciples to do,—“Do good to them that hate you.”)

Saul felt so sorry to think that he had tried to hurt David when David had been so good to him, that he called his army away and went home. As for

David and his men, they came out from the dark cave into the sunshine, knowing they were safe.

(Adapted from I Samuel 26.)

Hand-work

To-day you have a chance to make your own pictures, and there is a frame already printed on your sheets. I want you to draw a picture of that part of the story which you remember best.

LESSON 5a

ELISHA AND THE SYRIAN HOST

The Purpose

Like the story of David and Saul, this lesson teaches the beauty of mercy.

Opening Talk

Who was Saul? What did he try to do to David? Do you remember where Saul slept one night? Where was David? Why did he not hurt Saul?

The man we hear about to-day was named Elisha. He was a prophet in Israel, some time after David lived, and he was so wise that he was called "the Man of God." Israel and the country of Syria were enemies, and the story is about one of their wars. You must tell me afterwards why Elisha was like David.

Suggestions for Telling the Story

This story is told very nearly in the language of the Bible. The teacher's attention is called to the treatment of the miraculous element. It would be a pity to strip the story of its poetry, but no harm is done by keeping distinct the natural facts and the vision.

Elisha's words at the climax should be spoken very emphatically. "Thou shalt not smite them." It gives assurance that he is a man of mercy and justice.

Elisha and the Syrian Host

The King of Syria made war against Israel, and he called his servants and told them where he wished them to pitch his tents and make a camp for his great army.

Then Elisha, the Man of God, sent a message to the King of Israel, saying,

“Beware that thou pass not by this place” (and he described it), “for the Syrians are coming down to it to make their camp.”

So the King of Israel escaped from the Syrians,—for he had intended to go that way; and this very thing happened, not only once, but several times. The King of the Syrians would plan to camp quietly on a road the Israelites would be sure to take, and then the Israelites would not take that road at all! Somebody must have told where they were going.

So the King of Syria called his servants again and said,

“Will ye not show me which of us is on the side of the King of Israel?”

Some one answered,

“Not one of us, my lord the King, but Elisha, the prophet that is in Israel, telleth the King the very words thou speakest in thy bedchamber.”

The King thought it worth while to see Elisha, so he said,

“Go and see where he is, that I may send and fetch him.”

They told him that Elisha was in Dothan; and at once he sent horses and chariots and a great army, and they came by night and surrounded Dothan.

When the servant of Elisha, the Man of God, had risen early and gone out, behold, there was the

army with horses and chariots about the city. He ran back and said to Elisha,

"Alas, my master! what shall we do?"

"Fear not," said Elisha, "for those who are with us are stronger than those who are with them."

Then Elisha prayed and said,

"Lord, I pray thee, open his eyes that he may see."

And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man and he saw; and he trusted God then, and was not afraid any more. Afterward, it was said that he saw the mountain full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha, as we sometimes see wonderful things in dreams or pictures.

The army of the Syrians came nearer, but when Elisha went out to them, they did not know him; and he was not afraid to speak to them.

"Follow me," he said, "and I will lead you to the man whom ye seek."

They followed him blindly, for there was something about Elisha which made them want to follow him. And he led them into Samaria, which was the King of Israel's own city and strongly fortified.

They had not realized where they were going, they were so bent upon following Elisha. Now they were terrified, for the enemy could put them all to death if he chose. But this man who had led them, he must be Elisha, the Man of God! They looked at him without speaking. What would he do?

The King of Israel came out and looked at them; but he too would not do a thing unless Elisha told him he might.

"My father," he said to Elisha, "shall I smite them?"

But Elisha answered,

“Thou shalt not smite them. Wouldst thou hurt those whom thou hast taken captive with thy sword and with thy bow? Set bread and water before them, that they may eat and drink and go to their master.”

So that day, the King of Israel had food prepared for the army of the King of Syria; and when they had eaten and drunk, he sent them back to their own master.

The King of Syria was so surprised at the power of Elisha and his kindness in letting his army go home unhurt, that he took them back into his own country; and that war was over.

(Adapted from II Kings 6:8-19).

Now who is ready to tell me why Elisha was like David?

Yes, he let his enemies go when he might have hurt them, and then they were not his enemies any more.

Shall we say again the memory verse we had last Sunday?

Memory Verse

He that loveth his brother abideth in the light.

Hand-work

To-day we shall have time to color the memory verse. See if you can do it well enough to put it up in your room at home.

PART II

DEPENDING UPON EACH OTHER FOR MATERIAL THINGS

THEME

For none of us liveth to himself, and none dieth to himself.

Romans 14:7.

LESSON 6

THE FOUR WELLS

The Purpose

This lesson is the first of the group which teaches that we must help each other in order to sustain physical life. "The Four Wells" is a story of struggle for water, without which neither man nor beast could live. It is the reverse of the story of the Hermit of the Himalayas, where food and drink are interchanged freely, but it teaches the same lesson, since the sweetest water comes only when Isaac and the Philistines make peace. It is told from the standpoint of the Earth Mother, who wishes all her children to share alike.

Opening Talk

Who remembers the story of the Hermit of the Himalayas? What was it that the animals needed? Who gave it to them? Did the water belong to him? No, the hermit didn't own the rock. Then *why* did he *give* it? Because the animals couldn't have got it without his help,—the pails and the trough were needed to catch the water.

What would you have thought of the hermit if he had tried to drive the animals away? Then listen to this story.

Suggestions for Telling the Story

In telling the story, make as much as possible of the action. It is not especially marked in the Bible

account and needs emphasis in order to hold the interest of the class. Your sympathies must be with the Earth Mother. Make her anxiety as poignant as that of any real mother over her unruly children, who simply will *not* understand that she means her benefits for all and not for a few.

The Four Wells

The Earth Mother was very unhappy. Four of her wells of pure, springing water had been stopped up, choked with earth and little stones.

This was in the land of Canaan, near the sea, where the Philistines lived. Abraham had dug the wells in the first place, when he had come there on a visit; and then the Earth Mother was glad, for she knew that her children, men and beasts and little birds, needed the water. But when Abraham went home again, the Philistines came and filled up the wells with earth and sand and stones,—sharp stones. And the Earth Mother grieved, for now the water could not get out; it was of no use to anybody.

But she waited, very patiently, until one day she heard the tramping of feet of men and camels and sheep and cattle. It was Isaac, with his family and servants and flocks and herds. She felt hopeful, then, did the Earth Mother, for Isaac was Abraham's only son, and perhaps he would open the wells and let out the pure water.

Isaac had come because there was nothing to eat in the hills where he lived; and the ground there was so dry that he could not make anything grow. Down here, the land was moist; and his servants went to work at once, planting seeds. The Earth Mother took such good care of the seeds that nearly

all of them sprouted and Isaac's fields of grain were wonderful to look at. Never in all the land of the Philistines had any one seen such fields. This was because Isaac and his men had helped the Earth Mother by taking good care of them. She would have done as much for the Philistines; but they had not been willing to work as hard for their grain as did Isaac and his servants.

When the Philistines saw Isaac's men harvesting the grain and noticed how much there was of it, they did not like Isaac any more. Then their king, Abimelech, came to Isaac and said,

"Go from us, for thou art mightier than we are."

All this time, the Earth Mother had been waiting, hoping that her wells would be opened. Now that Isaac was going away, she began to be anxious.

Isaac went up through the valley. When he thought he was far enough away from the Philistines, he stopped and pitched his tents. He was thirsty. Most of all, the sheep and cattle were thirsty after traveling all day, and he knew it. He saw a heap of earth and little, sharp stones and said to himself,

"There must have been a well here. I will have my men dig down and find out."

The heart of the Earth Mother grew warm; for this was the first of the four wells!

The pure water came springing up as if it were glad to get back to the light. The sheep and cattle crowded about the well. Little birds flew down and perched on its edge. Men and women and children came to drink.

Then the Earth Mother heard the tramping of feet again, and she shuddered. Isaac heard it, too. It was the Philistines, coming up the valley.

Isaac got the women and children, the sheep and cattle away. The birds flew away and hid in the trees. The Philistines came up and spoke to Isaac's men in loud, quarrelsome tones.

"The water is ours," they said. "You cannot have it. Go away."

You could almost have heard the Earth Mother groan then, for she intended the water for all. But the Philistines crowded around the well, and although they did not fill it up again, they kept Isaac from coming anywhere near it.

Isaac moved farther up the valley. There he found another heap of earth and little, sharp stones. He called his men and they uncovered the second well.

But before they could drink, the Philistines came hurrying up and said that this, too, was their well and nobody else should have any of the water!

The Earth Mother did not groan this time; she only waited, for she knew that Isaac was almost as patient as she was. And if you can believe it, he did not stay long to argue with the Philistines. He went a little farther on, and uncovered the third well.

This time, the Philistines did not come up and drive him away. So first the men drank, and when they found it safe, they brought up the poor, thirsty sheep and cattle. The women and children had all they wanted, and still the water came bubbling out of the ground. And since there was no sound of quarreling, the birds fluttered down and dipped in their beaks.

The Earth Mother was glad, for now three wells were open; and Isaac was glad because at last he felt that there was room for him in that land.

After this, he went a little farther on his journey

home. He pitched his tents and built an altar to God, he was so thankful for all his good fortune; and his servants dug another well. While they were digging, who should come to Isaac but King Abimelech with two of his friends.

Isaac wondered if they were going to drive him away again; and even the Earth Mother waited anxiously to see what might happen.

"Why," said Isaac, "have you come to me since you hate me and have sent me away?"

"We have come to make peace," said Abimelech. "Let us promise never to hurt each other."

Isaac prepared a feast for King Abimelech and his friends and they ate and drank together as if they were members of one family. The next morning they rose at sunrise; and when they had promised always to be friends, the Philistines went home in peace. As Isaac stood looking after them, his servants came to him and said,

"My lord, we have found water in the well we were digging yesterday. It is the purest and sweetest of all the wells."

For at last, all four wells were uncovered; and the Earth Mother filled this one with her sweetest water because her children had not quarreled about it.

(Adapted from Genesis 26:12-33.)

Where do we get our water? Through faucets, pipes; and how does it get into these? It comes from a reservoir, which is owned by the city (or town), so that every one living in the city can have the water he needs. A few men take care of it, while many men use it. We could not get along without these few men and the work they do; for if we live in the city, we cannot dig wells. Usually

there is no room ; and if there were, the water would not be as pure as it is in the country. But if we do live in the country, and have wells of our own, we must remember that the Earth Mother wants everyone who is thirsty to have the water. How can we share the water in our wells? Did you ever drive along a country road and find a well with a cup beside it? Somebody has wished every thirsty person to have a drink from his well.

Hand-work

We have a picture to-day of Jesus and the Woman of Samaria. He is resting by the well and has asked her for a drink of water ; and I am sure that she was glad to give it to him. After you have colored the frame, we will fit the picture into it and paste it in place.

LESSON 7

THE COMING OF MONDAMIN

The Purpose

This legend of the Indian corn is introduced to show how men depend first upon Nature and then upon each other for their food. Although the Indians already eat flesh, fruit, fish, Hiawatha wishes them to have something better, and through his efforts his people are benefited. Later, each has his part in the raising of the corn.

Opening Talk

I wonder if some one can tell me what a cornfield looks like? How do we use the corn? Do you know who first used it in this country? Probably the Indians. When our ancestors came over from England and Holland, they found the corn growing, raised by the Indians. Even now, it is sometimes called Indian corn, and Indian meal is made from it. Our ancestors were glad to know of it, for it made a good food for them when they had little to eat. The Indians helped them by showing them how to raise it. There is a story which tells how Hiawatha helped his people, the Indians, by getting the corn for them and teaching them how to plant it and use it for food.

Suggestions for Telling the Story

There is little direct discourse in this story, but a good deal of description. Make the scenes as

graphic as possible, always remembering their relation to Hiawatha's purpose. Animals, fruits, fish, appear to him on three successive days; all are food, but there must be something else. The climactic scene is at sunset and becomes background for the action, Hiawatha's struggle, which is to accomplish his purpose. This part of the story should be made particularly impressive, through color, evening light, and forceful action. It is desirable that it should so appeal to the class that they will make it the subject of their own drawings. Get the picture clear in your own mind, tell the pupils what you see, and they will see it, too.

The Coming of Mondamin

Hiawatha was unhappy because his people did not have enough to eat. He wanted to help them, but he could think of nothing by himself; so he decided to ask the Master of Life. He knew that he would tell him, if he would only listen.

That he might listen better, Hiawatha went where he could neither hear people talk nor see them, even in the distance. It must be very still indeed for him to get a message from the Master of Life. And where could he find a stiller place than in the forest? The trees were so tall that he could hardly hear the wind as it moved their topmost branches, and the lake was deep and quiet.

Hiawatha built a wigwam on the shore of the lake, and made a bed of leaves and boughs, so that he should have a place to sleep. But on the first day, he left the wigwam and wandered through the forest.

There he saw all sorts of animals. A deer pushed its head out of a thicket, stared at him, and sprang

away. Pigeons darted to and fro, building their nests. Rabbits peered at him from their little underground houses. He heard a pheasant drumming and a squirrel rattling the acorns he had stored away. Far overhead there were sounds of whirring and wailing, and craning his neck, he saw flocks of wild geese flying northward.

His people might eat all these, he knew, if they could catch them, but sometimes it was not good hunting.

“Master of Life,” he cried, “must our lives depend on these things?”

On the second day, Hiawatha found a river running through the forest and followed that. In the meadows wild rice grew. Tiny, red strawberries hid under their leaves, the blueberry bushes were full of blossoms. He saw prickly gooseberry bushes and sniffed the fragrance of the wild grape clambering over trees and alder branches. All these were good to eat, but they were not enough.

“Master of Life,” he cried, “must our lives depend on these things?”

On the third day, Hiawatha did not walk about at all. He climbed to a rock by the lake, and looked down into the deep, still water. There he saw fishes darting,—the sturgeon scattering drops like silver beads, the yellow perch, like a sunbeam, the pike, the herring, the crawfish. He knew how each one tasted and he was very hungry, but he had come there to learn of something better.

“Master of Life,” he cried once more, “must our lives depend on these things?”

On the fourth day, Hiawatha did not even leave his wigwam. He lay still with half-shut eyes on his bed of leaves and branches, looking through the open

door; and everything he saw went round and round until the sky was crimson at sunset.

Then Hiawatha saw a figure coming towards him through the purple twilight. It was a young man, wearing green and yellow. Plumes of green nodded over his forehead, and his hair was soft and shining and golden.

The young man stood in the open doorway and looked at Hiawatha as if he were sorry he was so hungry.

Then he said, as softly as the wind sighs in the tree-tops,

“O my Hiawatha! All your prayers are heard in heaven because you pray not for yourself but for your people. And so I have descended from the Master of Life,—I, the friend of man, Mondamin. I have come to teach you how, by struggle and by labor, you shall gain what you have prayed for. Rise up from your bed of branches, O youth, and wrestle with me.”

Faint as he was, Hiawatha sprang from his bed of branches, staggered out into the twilight, and grasped Mondamin. As he touched him, he grew stronger. He forgot his faintness and wrestled bravely, and the more he struggled, the stronger he grew. They wrestled together until it was quite dark, and the heron screamed from her nest in the fir trees.

“’Tis enough,” said Mondamin, smiling upon Hiawatha, “but I will come again to-morrow at sunset.”

Where he went, Hiawatha did not know,—whether he sank, as rain sinks into the ground, or whether he rose as the mist rises. All Hiawatha did know was that Mondamin had vanished.

Mondamin kept his word. He came again at sunset and wrestled with Hiawatha until the heron screamed, and again he vanished, like the rain or the mist, Hiawatha could not tell which.

On the third evening, Mondamin did not vanish at once.

“Hiawatha,” he said, “you have wrestled bravely, and when I come to-morrow, the Master of Life will give you the victory. But after you have overcome me, you must make me a bed in the warm earth. Strip off my green and yellow garments and my nodding plumage; lay me in the earth and make it soft and loose and light above me. Then let no one awaken me. Keep away weeds and worms and Kahgahgee, the raven. You alone must come and watch until you see me spring into the sunshine.”

On the fourth evening, Hiawatha overcame Mondamin, and laid him to rest in the loose, light earth. There he watched while the rain fell and the sun shone. He kept away weeds and insects and drove away the ravens.

At last, he saw a tiny green feather pricking through. Then came another and another, and soon there was a field of growing corn. Hiawatha called his people and cried joyously,

“See! It is Mondamin, the Friend of Man.”

When autumn came, they all worked together, gathering the yellow ears and grinding them into meal for food. But they saved enough to plant the next spring, and again they all worked together, making the earth light and loose, and keeping away weeds and the ravens. They worked almost as hard as Hiawatha did when he wrestled with Mondamin; but they were glad to work because the corn was so good to eat; and when the hunting was not good, or

the fishing was poor, or the fruits failed, there was no need for them to worry. They stripped the husks from the ears of corn as Hiawatha had taken the green and yellow garments from Mondamin. When the corn was ground into meal, the women made cakes of it. So the Indians were not hungry any more, and Hiawatha was happy because the Master of Life had given him such a generous reply to his prayer for help.

(Adapted from "The Song of Hiawatha" by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.)

Hand-work

This morning, each one of us is to make a picture of that part of the story which he remembers best.

LESSON 8

“WHILE THE EARTH REMAINETH”

The Purpose

This is the story of the first harvest of the Pilgrims. It gathers up the thoughts of the two preceding lessons, teaching that God, who is Father of all, provides for his children the means by which they work together for each other's welfare. We thank him, not because our selfish needs are satisfied, but for the opportunities we have in common through a bountiful earth.

Opening Talk

Do you remember what the Earth Mother wished Isaac to do? Why was she so anxious to have him open the wells? Where was it that Hiawatha laid Mondamin, after he overcame him?

Our memory verse this morning is about the earth. I will say it to you, and then we will repeat it together.

Memory Verse

While the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night, shall not cease.

Genesis 8:22.

These words are written in our Bible. They are a promise which God made to Noah. Every year, when we gather in the harvest, we remember it; and

we know that God means that the earth shall give us all food and drink, if we will only keep the wells open, and make the soil loose and light when we plant our seeds, and work all together so that we may have a bountiful harvest. Then on Thanksgiving Day, we go to church or meet in our homes and thank God for seed-time and harvest and for each other.

Suggestions for Telling the Story

This sketch of the Pilgrims' harvest is more description than story, as there is little action and no direct discourse. It must be made to interest through its historical truth,—even small children are fascinated by the landing of the *Mayflower*—and through its frequent reference to the memory verse and the preceding lesson. But much may be done by making the descriptions dramatic, not forgetting the exclamation points, and by emphasizing the contrasts. The various points of contact with the life of our own children are important, such as the gathering of flowers and nuts and autumn leaves; and the help the Pilgrims gave each other is the most important of all.

“While the Earth Remaineth”

All this really happened, once upon a time.

It was in November, 1620, and the *Mayflower* was in mid-ocean.

There were one hundred people on board, and as it was Sunday morning, they were all together in the cabin, holding a service as we do in church. But some of them were not thinking of the service. They remembered that their friends in England were getting in the harvest and having a great feast.

They remembered the jolly songs they sang, and the many good things they had to eat; and they remembered the verse we have repeated together. Two months they had been on the ocean! It had been summer and winter for them, and they had had cold and heat, and day and night came regularly; but there was no seed-time or harvest, and as for the good earth, would they ever see it again? Two months! and nothing but water, tossing water. They went down on their knees and prayed God most earnestly to bring them to land.

When, at last, they did see land, it was nearer Christmas than it was harvest time. The good earth was covered with snow and ice, and they knew that they would have to wait, oh, ever so many weeks before it would be seed-time. So the Pilgrim fathers went on shore and tried to keep warm chopping down trees and building log houses; while the mothers and children lived on the *Mayflower* which was anchored in Plymouth harbor. They were often hungry, for they had very little to eat; but one day, when the men came back from chopping down trees, they brought,—what do you think! Baskets of Indian corn! They had found it in a hut where nobody lived. They had never seen anything like it, but they thought they might keep it and plant it in the spring. When spring came,—that was seed-time—they all came on shore. How glad they were to feel the warm, solid earth under their feet! There were brooks with alders and pussy-willows. The birds sang in the woods. There were feathery pine trees on the edge of the forest. Violets and snowdrops sprang up around their doorsteps. The children gathered handfuls of them and put them in clamshells, which would hold a little water, just enough

to keep the flowers fresh; and I am sure that the tired fathers were glad to see them in the house, when they came home from planting seeds.

They planted the seeds they had brought with them, and they also planted the corn, for a friendly Indian came to see them, and of course he knew all about it. He brought more friendly Indians and they all worked together, keeping the earth loose so that the seeds could grow, and driving away the crows when they tried to steal the corn before it had sprouted. When the little blades began to spring up, everybody was glad, for if only they had a good harvest, they would not be hungry when winter came. The sun helped and the warm rain fell; the Pilgrims' own seeds grew as they never had at home in England, and as for the corn fields, I doubt if Hiawatha himself ever saw their equal.

When it was November, 1621, the Pilgrims were much happier than they had been the year before, on the tossing sea. Again they remembered how their friends whom they had left at home were getting in the harvest, and having a feast and singing merry songs; and they knew that they must have one too, and invite their Indian friends, and thank their Father, God, for his wonderful works to his children.

The friends at home feasted for a week. Three days were all the Pilgrims could spare. But during those three days, they did their best. The fathers went into the woods and shot wild turkeys; they caught geese and ducks about Plymouth Bay and fished for cod; and then they brought it all to the mothers to be cooked. The children found nuts in the woods, and they gathered great armfuls of branches covered with autumn leaves. Never had

they seen such brilliant colors. Ninety of their Indian friends came to the feast; but they brought with them five deer to be roasted, so that there was quite enough to eat.

Each morning, the Pilgrims came close together. The children clung to their mothers' skirts or took their fathers' hands, or stood bravely by themselves; but families stood side by side as if they were one greater family, while they thanked God who was Father of all. Even their Indian friends joined the company as if they knew that the Master of Life, to whom Hiawatha had prayed, and the God of the Pilgrims were one. They thanked God for the earth and for seed-time and harvest, and asked his help through the coming winter; and when the prayer was over, they went happily about their work, helping each other to make ready the feast.

Hand-work

When we color the memory verse, let us try to make the colors as bright as the autumn leaves which the children gathered for the Pilgrims' feast.

LESSON 9

THE SOWER

The Purpose

In this lesson, the class is introduced to the Parable of the Sower, but no attempt is made to expound it as Jesus did to the disciples. Such an exact interpretation, phrase by phrase, had better wait until the children are older. Indeed, there is no pretense here to interpretation of any sort. But after the reading of the parable, the teacher continues the story, and tells once more how we depend upon each other for food. But the thought is carried farther than in the preceding lessons, since the class learns that if food is withheld, selfishly or carelessly, it perishes. Material goods retain their goodness only when they are distributed and used, so that they increase in usefulness.

Opening Talk

Who of you can tell me what the Indians did with the corn after they gathered it? First, they stripped off the husks, and then, they ground it into meal, and then they made cakes and bread. Yes, but did they use it all this way? No, they saved some of it to plant the next spring; but only a little, for a few kernels of corn will grow into a stalk which will bear an ear with many kernels.

It is the same way with wheat and all kinds of grain. Jesus told his friends a story once about a

sower, and you will find it printed on your own sheet just as it is in the Gospel of Matthew in the Bible. (Have each pupil read a verse.)

This is the story that Jesus told. I have another story about the seed that yielded a hundredfold, which means that the heads of wheat which grew from one little seed held a hundred seeds.

A Story of the Good Seed

The wheat which had sprung up a hundredfold was all golden as it waved in the wind. The Sower was glad as he looked at it. It was a wonderful harvest.

He called the reapers, who came with their sickles and cut the wheat, sweeping it up in armfuls and binding it into sheaves. When they had finished, the Sower was amazed. The golden sheaves rose over the field as far as he could see. Never in his life had he owned so much wheat.

Many of his neighbors came to look at it. One of them offered to buy the wheat just as it stood in the field.

“Not all of it,” said the Sower. “Some I have promised to my friend the miller, and I must keep a little for next year’s planting. The rest shall be yours.”

The man who bought the wheat was proud of it. “It is beautiful wheat,” he said, “and it is mine. I will keep it a little while, and when the price of wheat goes up, I will sell it for ever so much more than I paid for it.” And he built new barns and stored it away, although many went hungry.

But while he waited for the price to go up, his barns caught fire, and the wheat being very dry, made a mass of flame which could be seen for miles.

So all that wheat was wasted! It never did any one any good because one man had been selfish and kept it from people who needed it, for his own profit.

The wheat which the Sower took to the miller was ground into flour and sold to the grocer. He sold it to the children's fathers, and their mothers made it into crusty loaves of bread. The children ate the bread and it made them strong, so that they could help their fathers and mothers and go to school and get their lessons well; but some of the bread was kept too long, so that it grew mouldy and had to be thrown away. Like the wheat in the barns, it did no one any good.

The flour which had been ground at the mill lasted all winter; and all the children in that town and I don't know how many other towns had bread because one Sower had gone forth to sow.

In the spring, the Sower took the wheat he had put aside and went into the fields again; he scattered it on good ground and again it brought forth "some a hundredfold, some sixty, some thirty."

Do you know what would have happened to the seed if the Sower had not put it into the earth? It would have died and been good for nothing like the mouldy bread. Wheat, bread, everything we have must be used; and the more it is used, the more good it does.

Hand-work

Since you are to keep the Parable of the Sower in your envelopes, you will wish to color the initial letter and the stalks of wheat.

PART III

LIVING TOGETHER IN THE FAMILY

THEME

Love never faileth.

I Corinthians 13:8.

LESSON 10

HOW RUTH HELPED NAOMI

The Purpose

The story of Ruth has been chosen for the first lesson in this group because it is one of the finest instances in all history of filial love. Although Ruth is not Naomi's own daughter, her love and service were those which a devoted child gives to her mother, and her story may well be an example to children of all generations.

Opening Talk

Spend five minutes talking with the class about what children may do to help their mothers; and be sure to confine it to mothers, because other members of the family come later.

Suggestions for Telling the Story

Repeat accurately the famous passage, "Intreat me not to leave thee," even though the words may be in advance of the children's understanding. They often like words which they do not understand when there is as much beauty as we find here. As the meaning of the passage is carried out in the story, nothing will be lost by not stopping to explain. The gathering of the harvest relates the lesson closely to the November lessons, and if the pupils mention it, so much the better; but it will be safer not to dwell on the connection, as the purpose of this

lesson is not to bring out the wisdom of Boaz in distributing his barley, but to show that Ruth is willing to work hard for the sake of Naomi.

How Ruth Helped Naomi

Ruth lived long ago in Moab. With her lived Naomi, whom she loved like her own mother. Ruth's mother was dead, but Naomi was her husband's mother, and Ruth would have done anything for her, she cared for her so much. Naomi and her husband had come to Moab from Bethlehem, and their son had married Ruth. But after a time, Naomi's husband died; and then her son, who had married Ruth, died also. Naomi grew very homesick and wanted to go back to Bethlehem. Then it was that Ruth insisted upon going too. She put her hands on Naomi's shoulders and said,

"Intreat me not to leave thee, and to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

So Ruth and Naomi came to Bethlehem. Naomi was glad to be there but they were poor and there was little to eat,—so little that they sometimes went to bed hungry.

Ruth was worried. It was bad enough to be hungry, but it was worse to take bread from Naomi's friends in Bethlehem who were poor too. Ruth looked down at her hands. Could they earn anything? It looked hopeless.

Then she thought of the fields of barley outside Bethlehem. They were ripe for the harvest. They belonged to rich men, but Ruth knew that poor people like herself might follow the reapers. For when a reaper cut an armful of barley with his sickle, he

nearly always dropped some of it. It wasn't worth his while to stoop to pick it up, but the poor who followed might have it, if they wanted it; and if they were willing to stoop often enough, they could get quite a handful—sometimes an apronful—by the end of the day. Ruth knew that barley could be made into bread, and she determined to try.

Naomi stood in the doorway and watched Ruth on that first morning. Ruth looked back and waved her hand. Surely she would gather enough barley for one day's bread.

When she came to the fields, the grain was already falling under the sickles, and men with strong arms were binding it into sheaves. Here and there, on the short stubble, lay wisps and heads of barley. Some of them were mere straws; others held a good deal of grain and Ruth gathered them up eagerly and put them in her apron. It was good to be at work.

But she was not used to such hard work. Her back began to ache. As the sun climbed higher, it grew hot and her head ached, too. The sharp stubble pricked her feet. She felt faint, for she had not had very much breakfast. And it would take so many heads of barley to fill her apron! The reapers seemed careful men, they let fall so little. Was it really worth while?

Then Ruth thought of Naomi standing in the doorway, and decided that it was worth while. She tried to forget her aching back and the hot sun and the sharp stubble; and she quickly found that the surest way to forget was to look as closely as possible and not lose sight of the smallest head of barley.

As she straightened herself for a moment, she saw

Boaz, owner of the field, coming down from Bethlehem to look after his reapers. Her heart beat a little faster. She had worked harder than the others, and her apron was heavier. Would he think she was taking too much from his field?

"The Lord be with you," said Boaz to the reapers.

"The Lord bless thee," they replied.

Then Boaz saw Ruth, and said to the man in charge,

"Who is this?"

The head reaper told him that it was the woman who had come back to Bethlehem with Naomi, and that she had worked hard all the morning.

Now Naomi was a distant relative of Boaz. Perhaps he was sorry to learn that she was so poor, for he went to Ruth and said,

"Listen, my daughter; go not to glean in another field, but stay here with the maidens who glean for me. And when thou art thirsty, drink the water which my reapers have drawn."

So Ruth went on gleaning; her back seemed less tired and her head did not ache any more. A cool breeze had sprung up, and she forgot that the stubble was sharp. There was more barley than before, for Boaz had told the reapers to let handfuls of it drop as if by accident. At noon, he invited her to eat with the reapers; it was several days since she had had enough to eat. After dinner, she felt stronger than she had before, so that she worked even harder; and always there was the thought of her dear mother Naomi waiting at home to welcome her.

When evening came, the reapers went home. Ruth measured what she had gleaned and found

that it was almost a bushel. She went home slowly, her apron was so heavy.

Naomi was waiting for her at the door. Ruth told her all about it,—how tired she had been at first, how she had kept at work, and how Boaz had been kind to her. Then they pounded some of the barley into flour and made cakes of it; and that night they did not go to bed hungry, either Naomi or Ruth. But although the cakes were good, Ruth felt that it was even better to see Naomi happy and know that it was her own hard work which had earned their supper.

(Adapted from Ruth: 1; 2.)

Next Sunday, I shall ask you what children may do for their fathers.

Hand-work

We have a picture of Ruth to paste into the frame on our sheets, and then you may color the frame.

LESSON 11

DAMA'S JEWELS

The Purpose

This lesson shows how a son loved his father so much that he placed his comfort above his own gain.

Opening Talk

Who remembers what you were to tell me to-day? Yes, it was how to help your fathers. (Give the class a few minutes to tell what they have done or could do.)

I am glad you know of so many ways; but the man we shall hear about to-day helped his father in a way different from any you have told.

Suggestions for Telling the Story

Emphasize such adjectives as "radiant" and "expensive" (in the first paragraph), to strengthen the thought of the money value attached to the jewels. Make the class feel the firmness of Dama's refusal, "You must go to some one else,"—and finally of his positive statement, "He is worth far more to me than gold."

Dama's Jewels

Long ago in Palestine there lived a man named Dama who bought and sold jewels. It was the only way he had to earn his living; but he did it well. He knew which stones were most beautiful and he could polish them so that they always looked their

best. Every one knew that Dama had the most radiant and expensive stones to be found in that part of Palestine. Sometimes, people came just to see them, as we go to see pictures. More often, they came to buy, for in those days jewels were used more than they are now. It was not only the wealthy ladies who were his customers, buying stones for rings and bracelets and necklaces, but also their husbands came to get jewels for their sword-hilts or to have them set around the edges of precious cups of gold, from which they drank when they gave a feast. Even the high priest in the temple wore jewels on the breast-plate which glistened like a great brooch on his gorgeous robes.

Because he was the high priest and served God in the temple, his jewels had to be the very best that could be found; but one day, some of them were lost, having become loosened from their setting. It was a pity, and I suppose he felt badly about it, but it never would do for him to appear in the temple with his breast-plate in that condition,—little, shadowy holes where there had been sparkling stones; and he sent messengers at once to Dama, telling them to buy the best jewels he had to take the place of those he had lost.

Dama spread out before them a variety of beautiful stones,—rubies, sapphires, diamonds, pearls; you would have thought anyone would have been satisfied with these. But the messengers remembered that the high priest had told them to get the best that Dama had, so before they decided, they asked him if he had anything better.

“Yes, I have,” said Dama. “I will show you the most precious of all, which I keep in a cabinet in my father’s room.”

He went to get them, but came back empty-handed.

"I am very sorry," he said, "but I cannot get them now."

The messengers were very much surprised. Perhaps he thought they could not pay for them. They began to offer him more money. Dama shook his head. They offered still more, and more again. Never before had Dama had a chance to sell jewels for so much. Even then, he insisted that he could not get the jewels.

"Come again in a few hours," he said, "and you may see them; but now it is simply impossible. I cannot get at them."

"But we cannot wait," cried the messengers impatiently, "the breast-plate should be mended at once."

"Then you must go to some one else," said Dama.

His wife had been present, and she was almost as much surprised as the messengers had been. When they had gone, she said,

"Why did you not let them have the jewels? We should have been rich for the rest of our lives."

"It was like this," said Dama. "When I looked in at my father's door, I found him asleep on the couch. I tried to enter quietly so as not to waken him, but the door creaked on its hinges and I saw him start in his sleep. Rather than disturb him, I let the jewels stay in the cabinet. He is worth far more to me than gold."

(Adapted from the Damayata.)

Do your fathers ever take naps? When they do, how can you help?

Our memory verse to-day is short and easy to remember.

Memory Verse

Honor thy father and thy mother.

Exodus 20:12.

“Honor” means that you obey them and help them whenever you can because you love them and they love you.

Hand-work

On your sheets, you have the story of Dama printed with some of the words left out. Mary may distribute the pencils and then we will write the words ourselves.

(After the outline is filled in, the text may be colored if there is time.)

Key to the Outline Story

Dama bought and (sold) jewels. The very (best) he kept in a cabinet in his (father's) room. One day, he had a chance to (sell) these (jewels) at a high (price). But when he went after them, he found that he could not get them without (waking) his (father), who was asleep. So he refused to (show) the (jewels) and went without the (money), saying, “My father is worth more to me than (gold).”

LESSON 12

“UNTO US A CHILD IS BORN”

The Purpose

This lesson is a retelling of stories of the Infancy of Jesus, which most of the class have heard before; but it is a new version. Its purpose is to show the love which encircles and protects a baby in the family, especially the love of father and mother. We have had two lessons showing how children may help their parents; now we have a picture of the wonderful parent love which envelops every child born into the world.

Opening Talk

Is there a baby in your family? (If not, perhaps the children know babies in other families.) What does mother do for it? What does father do? (This is a chance to show that if father is too tired or not at home enough to notice the baby much, he is busy earning money to help take care of it.) Do you care for it, too? Did you ever think that father and mother did all this for you when you were a baby?

Do you remember the story of the baby Jesus? Who were his father and mother?

Suggestions for Telling the Story

The Annunciation is introduced here as a dream, and the teacher should be careful to emphasize this. It is used to symbolize Mary's thought about her

child. He was to be "a true child of his Heavenly Father." This thought runs through the lesson and should be accented wherever it appears. If the children ask questions (or their parents are perplexed) about the Annunciation angel, the teacher may say that the word angel means a messenger, that this angel was a message from God, a beautiful thought sent to Mary. The author has taken liberties with the text as the painters of all time have taken liberties; but her purpose has been to symbolize the consecration of motherhood to the Most High, and she believes that the celebrated poem of the Annunciation does it better than a more prosaic explanation could possibly do it.

"Unto Us a Child Is Born"

Mary lived in Nazareth with Joseph, her husband. She had no little boys or girls—this was before Jesus was born—but she loved all the neighbors' children and they loved her. Whenever she came to the door of her house and looked out on the steep street, every child who saw her would run as fast as he could to Mary's doorway and catch hold of her skirts.

One day, Mary had a dream. She was sitting on the roof, for in Palestine, where the houses are small and close together, the flat roof was a pleasant place to sit. There were no children with her,—she was alone; but she was thinking of them, for she could hear their happy voices as they played in the street in front of the house. She thought that she would go down presently. But the sun was warm on the roof. She could see far away over the hills. They were blue and misty in the distance.

The blue haze changed to a warm, fragrant, white

light. It was as if she were looking into the heart of a lily, except that the warm fragrance was all about her. Then Mary had a vision of many tall, white lilies, quivering on their stalks. Down among them, with bird-like lightness, floated an angel, carrying a long-stemmed lily in his hand; and Mary heard his voice sounding above the happy laughter of the children. For a moment, she was afraid; then she heard the angel saying,

“Fear not, Mary; thou thyself shalt have a child, and shalt call his name Jesus. He shall be great and loved by many, and shall be a true child of his Heavenly Father.”

Mary fell upon her knees and said,

“Behold the handmaid of the Lord. Be it unto me according to thy word.”

The angel spread his broad wings and rose softly. The lilies blurred into a mass of light which deepened from warm white to the orange of sunshine on the roof; but their fragrance must have lingered in Mary’s garments. For when, a little later, she went down to the street door, the children clung to her yet more closely, and buried their faces in the folds of her spotless dress.

You have all heard how Jesus was born in Bethlehem; but perhaps you had not heard how proud and glad Joseph and Mary were over their baby. Although they had only a manger to lay him in, they made sure that the straw was the softest. They were not at all surprised when the shepherds came to see him; and the next day, it seemed entirely natural to Mary that all the children in Bethlehem should come running to see the baby who had been born in a stable.

All this time, Mary had not forgotten her dream,

in which the angel had told her that her baby should be a true child of his Heavenly Father. So when Jesus was forty days old, he was taken to the temple in Jerusalem to be presented to God, much as babies to-day are brought to church to be christened. Mary held Jesus in her arms and wrapped her warm cloak about him. Joseph helped her to mount the faithful donkey which had brought her to Bethlehem, after making very sure that the saddle would not slip. Then they started, after saying good-by to the friends they had made in Bethlehem; but they did not mind going, because they had their baby to think about. Joseph walked beside Mary all the way, so that he could see the baby when he laughed and tugged at his mother's cloak.

When they came to the temple, Joseph helped Mary to dismount, and leaving the donkey in charge of a small boy, they went inside. Joseph bought two doves to give to the priest—this was a way they had in those days—and then they climbed the steep steps which led to that part of the temple where they were to present Jesus to God.

They were met by Simeon the priest. He was old with a long, white beard, and his eyes were so kind that Mary was not afraid to have him take Jesus in his arms. So Simeon went through the ceremony, and when it was over, Joseph and Mary felt more than ever sure that their little baby would be a true child of his Heavenly Father.

Then they rode home to Nazareth, to the house where Mary had had her beautiful dream; and there Joseph and Mary took such good care of Jesus that he "grew and waxed strong, filled with wisdom: and the grace of God was upon him."

(Adapted from Luke 1:26-38; 2:22-35.)

Hand-work

The print we have to-day to paste on our sheets is a picture of Mary with Jesus in her arms. The other child is John the Baptist when he was a little boy. Some people think he was Jesus' cousin. The artist who painted the picture did not know exactly how Mary looked, but we like to think that she looked like this; and we are sure that she loved Jesus as much as the mother in the picture loves her baby.

LESSON 13

THE PRINCES AND THE WATER-SPRITE

The Purpose

Although the story tells how a big brother is kind to a little one, the principle applies equally well to sisters.

Opening Talk

Have you any little brothers or sisters? Do you ever take care of them? (Have the class tell in what ways they take care of children still younger than themselves. If none of them does, perhaps they have seen others doing it, or are themselves attached to older brothers or sisters who are kind to them. Encourage their sense of protection for those who are smaller and weaker.)

This is a fairy story, but even in fairy tales, big brothers can be good to little ones; and this big brother was so kind that you will all wish he belonged to you.

Suggestions for Telling the Story

In telling this story, the teacher is advised to keep closely to the sequence of events; otherwise, the effect might be marred by the fascinating possibilities of "filling in." It will be safer not to dwell on the house under the pond, or the forest life of the three after they make friends with the Water-Sprite, or the wonderful way in which the Sprite takes any

form he pleases. I suggest this as a caution because of the temptations which beset me in retelling the story. In the original, the action is rapid and it may well be kept so. No details should be added unless they contribute indirectly to the action,—such as their interesting walk which makes them warm and tired, and the cool, rippling water which is part of the motive bringing them into the power of the Water-Sprite.

The Princes and the Water-Sprite

Once upon a time, there were three princes; the first, who was also the oldest, was called the Star Prince, the second the Moon Prince, and the third and youngest the Sun Prince.

One day, their father, the King, decided that the palace was not a healthy place for the two older sons to live in.

“You must go to the forest to live for a time,” he told them; “you will be much better off there.”

Now the forest was a beautiful place with tall trees and bright flowers, pools of cool water, and all sorts of fascinating little animals and insects. The princes were glad to go. They thought it would be much more amusing than the palace.

As they were starting, their little brother, the Sun Prince, ran after them and begged to go too. The Star Prince did not know what to do. His father had not expected the Sun Prince to go into the forest. He might get tired if they took long walks, and perhaps he would be homesick. But he wanted to go so very much, that the Star Prince made up his mind to take him. He could carry him when he was tired, and if he were very homesick, he would take him back to the palace. So he asked another

little boy to tell the King that the Sun Prince had gone with them, and they went on into the forest.

They followed a path which wound among the great trees. They watched the birds and surprised little rabbits and picked berries, and enjoyed themselves very much; but after a few hours, they grew warm and thirsty. They sat down under a tree, while the Moon Prince went to search for a pond where he could bathe and drink and bring water to the others in a lily leaf.

He soon found a pond with water-lilies growing near the bank. It was just the place, he thought, and he plunged in for a swim. But unfortunately for the prince, this pond was owned by a Water-Sprite, who took prisoner every one who entered the water, unless he could answer a certain question.

"Who are truly good people like?" asked the Water-Sprite, holding the prince firmly by the ankles.

"The Sun and Moon," replied the Moon Prince promptly, and prepared to continue his swim.

"*You* don't know," said the Water-Sprite gleefully, and dragged the Moon Prince down to his house under the pond.

The Star Prince thought his brother was a long time gone and sent the Sun Prince to find him.

The Sun Prince traced the Moon Prince by the ferns he had broken down until he too came to the pond, which looked innocent and inviting.

"I wonder where my brother is," said the Sun Prince. "I will look for him in a minute, but first, I will go in wading."

He pulled off his shoes and stockings and stepped into the pond. He gave a little cry as something clutched his ankles. Then he saw the Water-Sprite.

"I will let you go," said the Sprite, "if you will tell me what truly good people are like."

"North, East, South, and West," said the Sun Prince. It was a queer reply; but you must remember that the Sun Prince was young and did not know any better.

"*You* don't know," laughed the Water-Sprite, and carried the Sun Prince off to be company for his brother, whom he found, but in a way he didn't expect.

Meanwhile, the Star Prince grew tired of waiting, and starting out by the fern path, determined himself to find his brothers. He thought it must be an attractive pond to keep them so long.

When he came to it, the water looked more cool and inviting than ever, but the Star Prince suspected a trick. He thought it strange that his brothers were not in sight, and he had heard of Water-Sprites; so he sat down on the bank.

For a few minutes, there was no sound but the rippling of the water. "Come in and bathe," it seemed to say; "I am so cool and silvery, and you are so warm and tired." But the Star Prince sat still and waited.

Presently, the Water-Sprite came to him in the form of a woodman. For you must know that Water-Sprites can take any form they please.

"You look warm and tired, friend," he said; "why don't you bathe in the pond, and drink and gather the lilies? You would feel much more like going on."

But the Star Prince saw through the disguise and knew him for a mischievous Water-Sprite. He answered his question by another.

“Why have you seized my brothers?”

“Because all who enter this pond belong to me,” said the Water-Sprite.

“What! *all*?” said the Star Prince.

“Not those who are truly good,” said the Water-Sprite.

“Should you like me to tell you who are truly good?”

“Yes, indeed,” said the Water-Sprite.

“They are truly good who keep themselves pure and who do good to others,” said the Star Prince.

The Water-Sprite was sure that this was the right answer and he was so pleased with it that he offered to give up one of the two brothers, and asked the Star Prince which it should be.

The Star Prince chose the little Sun Prince.

The Water-Sprite was surprised.

“That is not fair,” he said. “Ought you not to choose the Moon Prince, who is nearer your own age and has always been your playmate and companion?”

“No,” said the Star Prince, “the Sun Prince is my little brother who came with us of his own accord, and it is my place to take care of him and see that he gets home safely.”

When the Water-Sprite heard this, he made up his mind to be as generous as the Star Prince, and going down to his house, he brought up both brothers.

After that, the three princes lived by the pool and were friends with the Water-Sprite. When the Star Prince took his little brother home, the Water-Sprite went too, and lived all the rest of his life in a fountain on the palace grounds. For he was as

fond of the Star Prince as you would have been if you had known him.

(Adapted from the Jataka.)

Hand-work

I am sure that you are all anxious to make a picture of your own of this story. With the princes and the trees and the pond and the Water-Sprite to draw, you can make something very interesting.

PART IV

LIVING HAPPILY WITH NEIGHBORS

THEME

Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.
Matthew 22:39.

LESSON 14

NEGLECT THE FIRE AND YOU CANNOT PUT IT OUT

The Purpose

This story is intended to teach the lesson of forgiveness. It is the first of the group which deals with living with neighbors, and is based directly on a famous New Testament passage. It is one of the earliest lessons a child should learn, and the kernel of it is embodied in the hand-work in order to make it more impressive.

Opening Talk

I once knew a boy who had all the toys he wanted. When other children came to see him, they borrowed his bicycle and roller-skates and express wagon so that he couldn't play with his own toys; and at last, one of them broke the skates. Then the boy grew very cross and told the children that they needn't come to see him any more,—he would play by himself. But that was lonely; so he asked them to come back, although it was hard work to speak first; and then they said they were sorry that they had used his toys all the time, and the boy who had broken the skates brought him a new pair. But if he hadn't asked them to come back, he would never have known they were sorry.

One day, Jesus was telling his disciples that when their friends or brothers were not kind to them, they should give them a chance to make it up.

Peter asked how many chances they should have,—only he said it this way:—

“Lord, how oft shall my brother sin against me and I forgive him? until seven times?”

Jesus said to him,

“I say not unto thee, Until seven times; but Until seventy times seven.”

The story to-day tells what happened to some neighbors who did not give each other one chance.

Suggestions for Telling the Story

The passages which hold the story together are Ivan's talks with his father. “*Think* of it! The whole affair began from an egg.” “You see his badness, but you forget your own.—Make peace with him . . . your anger is like fire.” “Who burned the village?” “If you do not tell, God will forgive you both.” These should be kept in mind in retelling the story. The passages which describe Ivan's discovery of the fire and his fruitless effort to catch Gavriilo are so expressive and so characteristic of Count Tolstoi's style that they may well be repeated as they stand.

Neglect the Fire and You Cannot Put It Out

There once lived in a Russian village a peasant named Ivan. He was well off. He was the best worker in the village and he had three healthy sons who were good workers too. His old father was the only one in the family who was not able to do anything and they took good care of him. They had all they wanted to eat and wear, and would have been happy had it not been for Ivan's neighbor, Gavriilo the Lame. For Ivan and Gavriilo hated each other.

Once they had been good friends. Then a little thing happened,—such a foolish little thing! A hen belonging to Ivan's daughter laid an egg in Gavril's yard. Every day this hen had laid an egg in her own shed, and when the daughter heard her cackle, she would go out and get the egg; but this time some boys frightened the hen and she flew over the fence. Ivan's daughter was busy that day and did not go for the egg until evening. Then she could not find it and the boys told her where to look. So she went to her neighbor and met Gavril's mother.

“What is it you want, young woman?”

“Granny, my hen has been in your yard to-day,—did she not lay an egg there?”

The old woman thought that Ivan's daughter was accusing her of taking the egg, so she answered crossly,

“I have not set eyes on her. We have hens of our own, and they have been laying for quite a while. We have gathered our own eggs, and we do not need other people's eggs. Young woman, we do not need to go to other people's yards to gather eggs.”

Ivan's daughter did not like this. She replied sharply and Gavril's mother answered still more sharply. Ivan's wife came by carrying water; Gavril's wife stepped out of her door, and they were all talking at once, scolding and calling each other names. Then the men came up to take the part of their wives and began to hit each other. And Ivan, who was the stronger, hurt Gavril the lame.

Gavril took the case to the village court, declaring that he would have Ivan punished. When Ivan's father heard of it, he said,

“Children, you are doing a foolish thing. Think of it! The whole affair began from an egg. One egg isn’t worth much. There should be enough for everybody. You have said too many cross words; now show them how to say kind ones. Go and make peace and let there be an end to it! If you keep it up, it will get worse and worse.”

But Ivan and his family did not listen. They thought the old man was talking nonsense. Instead of making peace, Ivan went to the court himself and tried to get Gavrilov punished for tearing his shirt when they quarreled over the egg.

After that, the neighbors quarreled every day and always over some foolish thing. They went to court so often that the judge was tired of seeing them coming. And so it went on for six years.

At last, Ivan’s daughter accused Gavrilov in public of stealing horses, and Gavrilov struck her so that she was sick for a week. This time it was more serious, and when Ivan took the case to court the judge ordered that Gavrilov be whipped; for this was one of their ways of punishing men who did wrong,—and it always hurt very much. When Gavrilov heard what was to be done to him, he turned so white and muttered so angrily that even the judge was alarmed and begged Ivan to forgive him and withdraw the case. But Ivan would not, but went home to tell his father that Gavrilov was to be punished at last.

“Ivan,” said the old man, “you are not doing right. You see his badness but you forget your own. Jesus taught us something quite different. If a cross word is said to you, keep quiet. If they box your ears, turn the other cheek. Make peace with him. It is not too late to stop his being punished,

and then you can invite him and his family to dinner."

Then, when Ivan did not start at once, his father added,

"Go now, Ivan. Your anger is like fire. Put it out at the start, for when it burns hotly you cannot control it."

Ivan began to see what his father meant. He was ready to go and make peace, when the women came in and said that Gavriilo was so angry that he had threatened to set fire to the house. Then Ivan grew hot again, just as if he were on fire himself, and would not go to stop Gavriilo's punishment.

That night, Ivan remembered what Gavriilo had said about setting a fire, and he was so troubled that he went out to examine the yard. He walked softly along by the fence. He had just turned the corner when it seemed to him that something stirred at the other end, as though it had got up and sat down again. Ivan stopped and stood still,—he listened and looked; everything was quiet, only the wind rustled the leaves in the willow tree and crackled through the straw. It was pitch-dark, but his eyes got used to the darkness. He stood and looked, but there was no one there.

"It must have only seemed so to me," said Ivan, "but I will go and see."

He stepped so softly that he could not hear his own footsteps. He came to the corner and stopped. He could clearly see some one in a cap squatting down with his back toward him, and setting fire to a bunch of straw in his hands. He stood stock-still.

"Now," he thought, "he will not get away from me. I will catch him on the spot."

Then it grew bright. The flame licked up the

straw in the shed and leaped to the roof. It was no longer a small fire. Gavriló showed plainly in the light of it. Ivan made a rush for him, but Gavriló got away and, lame as he was, ran like a hare. Ivan, however, overtook him and caught him by the skirt of his coat, but the skirt tore off and Ivan fell down and hurt his head. When he got up, Gavriló was gone. It was light as day, and Ivan could hear the roaring and crackling in his yard. Then he saw the burning straw from the shed being blown toward the house.

Ivan tried to get there to stop it. "If I could only pull it out of the shed and put it out!" he thought. But his feet would not move at all, at first; and then they tripped each other up. People came running, but nothing could be done. The neighbors dragged their own things out of their houses and drove out the cattle. After Ivan's house, Gavriló's caught fire; a wind rose and carried the fire across the street. Half the village burned down.

All they saved from Ivan's house was his old father. Ivan went to see him at the house of a man in a distant part of the village, which had not burned. When the old man saw him, he said,

"What did I tell you, Ivan? Who burned the village?"

"He, Father," said Ivan. "I caught him at it. If I could only have seized the burning bunch of straw and pulled it out, it wouldn't have happened."

"Ivan," said his father again, "who was really to blame?"

Ivan stared. Then he remembered how he had hurt Gavriló in the first place,—how he had not gone to make peace with him while there was yet time.

"I was, Father," said he. Then he was silent.

After a minute, the old man said,

“Ivan.”

“Yes, Father.”

“What is to be done now?”

“I do not know, Father. How am I to get on? Everything I have is burned.”

“You will get along. With God’s aid, you will get along. But remember, Ivan, you must not tell any one that Gavriló started the fire. If you do not tell, God will forgive you both.”

Ivan did not tell and nobody found out how the fire started.

Then Ivan began to feel sorry for Gavriló, and Gavriló was so surprised because Ivan did not tell that he did not know what to say. At first he was afraid of Ivan, but after a little, he got used to him. The men stopped quarreling and so did their families. While they were rebuilding they lived together in one house, and when the village was built again, Ivan and Gavriló were still neighbors. After that, they were always friendly. Ivan never forgot what his father had told him about putting out the fire at the beginning. If a person spoke sharply to him, he answered kindly, and then the person was ashamed and there was no quarrel. So Ivan lived better than ever before and no one in the village had so many friends.

(Adapted from Count Tolstoï.)

Hand-work

Now that you have heard the story, I know you will be glad to have the question which Peter asked Jesus, and Jesus’ wonderful reply, on your sheets to color. You need not color the words in smallest print, only the large letters. I think that if I were

you, I should have the words “Until seventy times seven” in one color, and in a different color from the others, so that you will see them first when you look at the page.

LESSON 15

WHERE LOVE IS, THERE GOD IS ALSO

The Purpose

This lesson is based upon the story of Jesus and Simon the Pharisee; but it teaches that “as ye have done it unto one of the least of these . . . ye have done it unto me.” It is kindness to those who come to us in the most ordinary fashion and whom we help without making unusual preparation,—simply as the need arises.

Opening Talk

In Palestine, in the time of Jesus, there lived a man named Simon, a Pharisee. He was rich and he did not like common things or common people. But he wanted people to like him, and when he heard everybody talking about Jesus and the wonderful things he was saying, he decided that if he asked Jesus to dinner, perhaps people would praise him too. But when Jesus came, he wore ordinary clothes and his feet were dusty. Simon could not have liked this; in any case, he did not really care for Jesus, for he met him coldly, brought him no water, as he would have done to his wealthy friends, and did not treat him at all cordially. So instead of being praised for his politeness, Simon the Pharisee has been known ever since as the man who was not kind to his guest.

There is a story of a man who read about Simon

and thought of what he did so much that he had a dream about it. This is how it happened.

Suggestions for Telling the Story

This is another graphic Tolstoï story, and deserves careful study so that it may be repeated to the children as nearly as possible as it is written, especially as the translator is himself a master of English phraseology.

Where Love Is, There God Is Also

In the city lived Martin, a shoemaker. He lived in a basement, in a little room with one window. The window looked out on the street. Through the window he used to watch the people passing by: although only the feet could be seen, yet by the boots Martin knew their owners. He had lived long in one place, and few pairs of boots in his district had not been in his hands at some time or other. He was never out of work because all knew that he did his work well and kept his promises.

He lived all alone in his basement. His wife had died and also his children, so he was glad to watch the people passing on the street, just for company. At night, when his work was done, he would take a New Testament in large print from a high shelf and read until all the kerosene in his lamp had burned out.

Once it happened that Martin read until late into the night. He was reading the Gospel of Luke; and he came to the verses, "And unto him that smiteth thee on the one cheek offer also the other; and him that taketh away thy cloak forbid not to take thy coat also. Give to every man that asketh of thee; and of him that taketh away thy goods ask

them not again. And as ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise." And then he read about the Pharisee who asked Jesus to supper and then was not kind to him.

Martin took off his spectacles, put them down upon the book, and thought to himself,

"That Pharisee must have been such a man as I am. I, too, have thought only of myself,—how I might have my tea, be warm and comfortable, but never to think about my guest. He thought about himself, but there was not the least care taken of the guest. And who was his guest? The Lord himself. If he had come to me, should I have done the same way?"

Martin rested his head upon both his arms, and did not notice how he fell fast asleep.

"Martin!" suddenly seemed to sound in his ears.

Martin started in his sleep: "Who is here?"

Again he fell into a doze. Suddenly he plainly heard,—

"Martin! Ah, Martin! look to-morrow on the street. I am coming."

Martin awoke, rose from the chair, began to rub his eyes. He did not know whether he had heard the words in a dream or in reality. He turned down the light and went to bed.

At daybreak next morning, Martin rose, said his prayer to God, lighted the stove, put on the soup to cook and water to heat, tied on his shoemaker's apron, and sat down by the window to work.

As he worked, he thought about his dream of the night before; and now, when any one passed, he bent down so that he could see not only the feet but also the face. Presently there came alongside of the

window an old street-cleaner with a shovel in his hands. Martin knew him by his felt boots. The old man's name was Stephen; and a neighboring merchant, out of charity, gave him a home with him. Stephen began to shovel away the snow from in front of Martin's window. Then he stopped and leaned his shovel against the wall. He was an old, broken-down man; evidently he had not strength enough even to shovel snow. Martin said to himself, "I will give him some tea. The water must be boiling by this time." He laid down his awl, put the hot water on the table, made the tea, and tapped with his finger on the glass. Stephen turned around and came to the window. Martin beckoned to him, and went to open the door.

"Come in, warm yourself a little," he said. "You must be cold."

"May Christ reward you for this! my bones ache," said Stephen. He came in, shook off the snow, tried to wipe his feet so as not to soil the floor, but staggered.

"Don't trouble to wipe your feet. I will clean up the snow myself; we are used to such things. Come in and sit down," said Martin. "Drink a cup of tea."

The two men had their tea together, but Stephen noticed that Martin kept looking out on the street.

"Are you expecting any one?" he asked.

Then Martin told him how he had been reading about the Pharisee who did not receive Christ with honor, and how he had had a dream in which he had heard Christ say that he was coming to see him that day, and how it had got into his head so that he could not think of anything else. Then he saw that Stephen's cup was empty and asked him to have

some more tea. But Stephen rose and shook his head.

"Thank you, Martin," he said, "for treating me so kindly."

"You are welcome; come in again: always glad to see a friend," said Martin.

A little later, Martin saw a woman pass his window with a child in her arms. She stopped and stood by the wall with her back to the wind, and he saw that she was dressed in shabby summer clothes and had nothing to wrap the child in. From behind the glass he could hear the child crying. He hurried to the door and cried, "Here, my good woman!" The woman heard him and turned around.

"Why are you standing in the cold with the child? Come into my room where it is warm: you can manage it better. Right in this way!"

The woman was astonished, but she followed Martin, who led her into the room and to a chair.

"There," he said, "sit down, my good woman, nearer to the stove where you can get warm."

Then he went to the stove, poured some hot soup into a dish and put it on the table.

"Sit down and eat," he said to the woman, "and I will mind the little one. You see, I once had children of my own; I know how to handle them."

The woman sat down at the table and ate the soup while Martin minded the baby. In the meantime, she told him her story. Her husband had gone to hunt work and she had not heard from him for seven months. She had been a cook but was now three months without a place. Now she had nothing to eat and had pawned her last shawl so that she had no warm clothes.

Martin went to the wall where his own clothes

hung and succeeded in finding an old coat. He gave it to the woman.

"It is a poor thing," he said, "yet you may put it to some use."

The woman burst into tears as she took the coat.

"May God bless you!" she cried. "He must have sent me himself to your window. My little child would have frozen to death."

Martin smiled. "Indeed he must have sent you," he said; and then he remembered his dream of the night before—he had forgotten it in his care for the woman. He told her of it,—how he had heard the voice, how Christ had promised to come to see him that day.

"All things are possible," said the woman. She rose, put on the coat, wrapped up her little child in it; and as she started to go, she thanked Martin again.

"Take this, for Christ's sake," said Martin, giving her a piece of money. "Get back your shawl." Then he went with her to the door.

The window grew darker, but Martin still watched as he worked. For some time there was nothing out of the ordinary. Then an old apple-woman stopped right in front of his window. Only a few apples were left in her basket, and over her shoulder she carried a bag full of chips. She must have gathered them up in some new building and was on her way home. The bag was so heavy that she wanted to shift it to the other shoulder. So she lowered the bag upon the sidewalk, stood the basket with the apples on a little post, and began to shake down the splinters in the bag. And while she was shaking her bag, a little boy with a torn cap came along, picked up an apple from the basket, and was about

to run away; but the old woman noticed it and caught him by the sleeve. The boy began to struggle, but the old woman grasped him with both hands, knocked off his cap, and caught him by the hair.

Martin rushed out to the street. "I did not take it!" he heard the boy say. "Let me go!"

"Let him go," said Martin, taking the boy by the arm. "Forgive him, for Christ's sake."

The old woman let him loose. The boy tried to run, but Martin held him back.

"Ask the little grandmother's forgiveness," he said, "and don't you ever do it again: I saw you take the apple."

With tears in his eyes, the boy began to ask forgiveness.

"That's right; and now, here's an apple for you." Martin got an apple from the basket, and gave it to the boy. "I will pay you for both, little grandmother," he said to the woman.

The old woman could not understand at first. She thought the boy ought to be punished so that he would remember it for a whole week. But Martin told her that he ought to be forgiven, as he had only been thoughtless and was sorry.

"Of course, it is a childish trick. God be with him," said she, pointing to the boy.

She was just about to lift the bag to her shoulder, when the boy ran up, and said, "Let me carry it, little grandmother: it is on my way."

The old woman nodded her head and put the bag on the boy's back.

Side by side they both passed along the street. And the old woman had not even allowed Martin to pay for the apples.

Martin stood gazing after them until they dis-

appeared. Then he returned to his room, and as it was dark, he put away his work, lighted the lamp, and took the Gospels down from the shelf. He intended to open the book at the very place where he had yesterday put a piece of leather as a mark, but it happened to open at another place; and the moment he opened the Testament, he remembered last night's dream. And as soon as he remembered it, it seemed as though he heard some one stepping about behind him. He looked around and there, in the dark corner, it seemed as though people were standing: he was at a loss to know who they were. And a voice whispered in his ear,

"Martin, ah, Martin! did you not recognize me?"

"Who?" uttered Martin.

Then he seemed to see Stephen, and the woman and the child, and the old apple-woman with the boy. One by one, they stepped out of the dark corner, smiled at him, and vanished.

Martin was glad as he thought of them. He put on his spectacles, and began to read the Bible where it had happened to open. On the upper part of the page he read,

"For I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me to drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in. . . ."

And on the lower part of the page he read this:—

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

And Martin understood that his dream did not deceive him; that Christ had really visited him that day, and that he really received him.

(Adapted from Count Tolstoï, from the translation by Nathan Haskell Dole.)

Hand-work

We make our own pictures again to-day. There are several things you can draw to show how kind Martin was.

LESSON 16

THE QUAILS

The Purpose

The thought of this lesson should be connected with community life as it touches the active life of the child. In playing games, for example, if one won't play, he may spoil it all, especially if he is ill-tempered about it and quarrels with the others. Begin by asking the class questions of this nature:—

Opening Talk

What games do you play at school during recess? What must you do to play them well? (Bring out the rules of the game.) Do the children quarrel so that you cannot finish the game before the bell rings?

The story is about some quails who got into trouble because they quarreled.

Suggestions for Telling the Story

After the human element of the Tolstoï stories, this amusing Jataka tale will be too amusing unless the teacher gets intensely the point of view of the quails. She must emphasize their fear of the enemy, the seriousness of the situation, so that the adroit solution comes as a relief. But this solution means, as the fowler understands, that "the birds work together and help each other." Their quarrel should be represented as a calamity. After the catastrophe, make much of the suggestion that the fowler might have been wrong in supposing that the

quails were still quarreling. They had learned their lesson,—as the class should learn it.

The Quails

Many years ago, a flock of more than a thousand quails lived together in a forest. The fathers and mothers hunted for the bugs which they knew would taste the best. The little ones played hide and seek in the long grass. Sometimes they had little quarrels, but on the whole, they were good friends and would have been happy but for one thing. They had an enemy, whom every one of them hated and feared. It was a Man, a huge creature, who hunted them down and caught them and sold them to be eaten by other creatures like himself. They kept a sharp lookout and listened for his step, but he was too clever for them. He could give the musical little whistle by which they called each other so exactly that not even the most learned quail in the flock could tell it from their own. When they came running together, he would throw a great cloud-like net, cunningly woven, over their heads, gather them up in a heap, and carry them off to market.

This happened so often that it was becoming serious. There would soon be less than a thousand quails in the flock, and if the Man with his net kept on coming, the time might arrive when there would not be a quail left in the forest. They called a meeting to talk over this important matter, hoping to decide upon some way of protecting themselves.

It was at this meeting that the wisest of all the quails thought of a way of escape.

“Brothers,” he said, “I’ve thought of a good plan. Hereafter, as soon as the Man throws his net over us, let each one push his head through a mesh

in the net and then all lift it together and fly away with it. When we have flown far enough, we can let the net drop on a thorn bush and escape from under it."

This seemed a wonderful plan to the other quails, yet so simple that each marveled that he had not thought of it for himself. They were so pleased with the idea that they could hardly wait for the Man to come. Meanwhile, they spent their spare moments talking about it and teaching those quails who had been too young to come to the meeting, so that they too should know just what to do when the time came.

At length they heard the familiar whistle and went scurrying through the grass, following the sound. The Man's eyes glittered, and he wished he had brought a bigger net. Never before had he seen so many quails together. He cast it wide, so that it would fall on as many as possible. But before he could gather in the net, it rose in the air and sailed out of his reach, carried on the backs of the quails he had covered. He could hardly believe his eyes, yet there it was, floating like a dark cloud over the tree tops. He started after it, but as the quails could fly much faster than he could walk, it was some time before he found his net on a thorn bush without a quail in sight; and as the net was badly tangled in the thorns and hard to get away, he gave up quail hunting for that day.

He tried again the next morning, but the quails flew so far with his net that it was dark when he finally got it off the thorn bush. Day after day he tried, starting at sunrise, but always going home by starlight with a torn net and no quails. At last his wife grew angry, and said to him,

"Why is it that you never catch any more quails?"

The man replied,

"It is because the birds work together and help each other. If only they would quarrel, I could catch them as easily as I used to do. But they will quarrel soon. They can't keep this up forever."

It was not long after this that a slight accident happened. One quail was picking up a choice bug when another flew down beside him and accidentally stepped on his head. The first quail was very angry, for he had lost the bug and his head hurt a little. So he snapped out,

"Who trod on my head?"

"Don't be angry, I didn't mean to step on you," said the second quail, who was a peaceable fellow. But the first went on scolding and thinking of the lost bug. The more he thought, the more cross he grew. He searched about in his head for the meanest thing he could say. At last he said,

"I lifted all the weight of the net. You didn't help at all."

This was too much even for the second quail's good temper, for he knew it was not true. It is the hardest thing in the world not to get angry when people say untrue things about you, and this quail thought he had a right to resent it. The idea of this upstart saying that he had carried the whole net! He called up other quails and told them about it, and before long the entire flock was quarreling. They made a most unpleasant noise. It was a long time since the forest had heard anything like it.

If the quails had not been so noisy and so busy quarreling, they would have seen or heard the Man watching them at a little distance. His chance had

come. This was the very thing he had wished for. He gave the usual whistle and those who heard it ran towards him. Down came the net! Alas, the quails were still quarreling, each one declaring that he could lift the net without help.

"Here is your chance!" they said to one another. "Now we'll see what you can do!"

But since they were not ready or willing to work together, they could not lift the net and the Man whipped the sides of it together and gathered them in, pushed them, net and all, into his basket, and strode off through the forest.

It was his last catch. When the quails who were left saw what had happened, they stopped quarreling and looked at each other. Then the wisest of all the quails flew away and the others followed him. They flew so far that the Man never found them again.

"I wonder where those quails are," he said to his wife. "Still quarreling, I suppose."

But perhaps he was wrong.

(Adapted from the Jataka.)

Questions like these may be asked after the story.

Why were the quails caught? When you go into the schoolroom, how can you work together? (By obeying the teacher, as the quails obeyed their leader,—by keeping the rules of the school like the rules of the game.)

Hand-work

The story of the Quails may be modelled in plasticine. One pupil may model the Fowler, another the thorn-bush, and there is no limit to the number of quails. The figures may be dramatically grouped upon a table or a sheet of heavy card-board.

LESSON 17

THE MERCHANTS AND THE GOLDEN BOWL

The Purpose

This is a lesson in truth-telling, and dealing justly with each other.

Opening Talk

These are the things that ye shall do; speak ye every man truth with his neighbor; execute the judgment of truth and peace in your gates: and let none of you imagine evil in your hearts against his neighbor.—Zechariah 8:16, 17.

These words are written in our Bible. I will read them again, and then ask you to tell me the same thing in your own words. . . . Of course you tell the truth to father and mother, and if you exchange marbles or toys with brother or sister you are very careful to give as good ones as you get in return. But you must be as careful with your friends and those you work and play with in school. And when you get your lessons, you must get them as well as you know how, so that you will deserve the good marks the teacher gives you.

The story to-day is about two merchants. After I have told it, I shall ask you to tell me which one told the truth and was fair and just, and what happened to the other.

Suggestions for Telling the Story

Here we have a contrast of episodes. First of all, be sure that the class understands the helplessness of the grandmother and the little girl,—once rich, now very poor. The first scene makes them the victims of a dishonest merchant. He would have robbed them. Do not treat lightly this meanest kind of dishonesty,—robbing the poor. The second scene comes as a relief to the child's natural sense of justice. The honesty of the good merchant is as flawless as the metal of the Golden Bowl. "All the money and goods I have with me would not pay for it." As in the good old fairy tales, honesty in this case has its reward. The worthy merchant gets the precious bowl; the other, through "his meanness in telling a lie to a poor old woman and a little girl," loses it forever.

The Merchants and the Golden Bowl

Two merchants were crossing a river. On the opposite bank lay the city where they were going to sell their wares. They were not partners, but they agreed to divide the streets of the city between them. They also agreed that when one of them had gone through all the streets of his division, the other might follow and sell what he could, since the things they had to sell were not alike.

One of the merchants could hardly wait for the boat to land. He was the first to leap on shore, and he plunged at once into the nearest street of his division, where he began crying, "Waterpots to sell. Waterpots to sell."

Presently he came to a house which looked promising. It was large and well built, and it seemed to him that a family who could afford to live in such

a house ought to buy a good deal. But it happened that the people in this house were poor. They had been rich once, to be sure, but now their money was gone, and the strong men who had earned it were dead. There were left only an old woman and her grand-daughter, who got their living by working out.

When the little girl heard the merchant's voice in the street, she said,

"O Grandmother, I do wish I could have something,—a ring perhaps, which ought not to cost very much."

"We have no money, dear, for anything," said the grandmother, "and what could we give in exchange for it?"

"Here's an old bowl," said the girl; "it's of no use to us. Let us change that for it."

The bowl did look very old and useless. It was crusted over with dirt which had been hardened in the fire and would not wash off. It was so black that neither the grandmother nor the little girl knew that the bowl had been bought when the family was rich, and that it was really made of gold.

The merchant was invited in and given a seat. Then the grandmother showed him the bowl and asked if he would exchange it for a ring or some other little trinket for the child.

Now the merchant had handled many bowls, and he knew as soon as he lifted it that it was better than it looked. To make sure, he turned it over, and scratching it on the bottom with a needle, saw that it was gold. But he was a mean man, and had no intention of paying the grandmother what it was worth. Instead, he hoped to get it for nothing.

"What is the value of this!" he exclaimed. "It isn't worth a cent!"

He threw it on the floor and left the house, expecting to be called back; but the grandmother took him at his word.

"It is just what I thought, dear," she said; "it is good for nothing. I am sorry about the ring."

Later in the day, the second merchant came through that street.

"O Grandmother!" said the girl, "this man looks kinder than the other. Let us ask him about the bowl."

The merchant was invited in, and examined the bowl as the first had done.

"Why!" he said at once. "This bowl is pure gold. It is worth one hundred thousand pieces of money. All the money and goods I have with me would not pay for it."

The astonished grandmother did not know what to say at first. Then she told him of the other merchant who had said the bowl was worth nothing.

"It must be your goodness that has turned the bowl to gold," she said. "Do take it and give us something or other. We shall be satisfied."

At last she persuaded the honest merchant to take the bowl, but he insisted upon leaving with them everything he had in his bag, keeping only the bag itself, his scales, and enough money to pay the ferryman.

After he had gone, the first merchant returned. He said that he had changed his mind about the bowl and was willing to give them a little for it,—a ring, perhaps, for the child, if it were not too expensive.

"You dishonest man!" cried the grandmother. "That was a golden bowl and you knew it, although I did not. But now you are too late. Another mer-

chant, more honest than you are, has given all he had for it."

The dishonest merchant did not stop to ask questions. He ran as fast as he could go to the river.

"It should have been my bowl," he muttered as he ran. "I saw it first. I will take it from him if I catch him."

When he reached the bank, the ferryman and the other merchant were already half-way across.

"Come back! Come back!" called the angry man on shore.

But the ferryman did not turn; he kept straight on.

The dishonest merchant saw his former companion land on the opposite shore and disappear down the road. Through his meanness in telling a lie to a poor old woman and a little girl, he had lost the golden bowl forever.

(Adapted from the Jataka.)

The memory verse to-day is something like the words I read you at the beginning, but it comes from a different part of the Bible. This is it.

Memory Verse

Speak ye truth, each man with his neighbor.

Ephesians 4:25.

You can always trust people who tell the truth; they are like fir trees which are green all the year, summer and winter. That is why the memory verse on your sheets has a background of fir trees.

LESSON 18

THE FOOLISH RABBIT

The Purpose

This story gives the consequences of telling what you think before you are sure that it is true. The lesson teaches that unless we are careful in this respect, we may do a great deal of harm to others.

Opening Talk

Who remembers the story of the Golden Bowl? What was it about? (Recall only the principal facts.) Which merchant told the truth? Did the first one intend to tell it? No, he told a lie purposely because he wished to get the golden bowl for nothing.

To-day, we have another story about telling the truth.

Suggestions for Telling the Story

Rapid movement is the chief characteristic of this story, from the rabbit's first fright to the discovery of the cocoanut. The teacher is warned not to "fill in" or to yield to questions or suggestions from the class.

The Foolish Rabbit

A furry rabbit crouched under a palm tree. His pink eyes were bright, his long ears lay close to his neck, and he trembled all over. An awful thought had just popped into his foolish little head.

"If this earth should break up, what would become of me?"

Just then, a cocoanut dropped from the tall tree with a thud. The rabbit didn't see it,—it was behind him on the other side of the trunk. But when he heard the sound, he was sure that the earth was really breaking up and that this was the first crack.

He laid his long ears even flatter and began to run.

Presently he saw another rabbit on the path ahead.

"Pray, sir, what is it?" asked the other rabbit.

The first rabbit stopped for a thirty-second of a minute to get his breath.

"The earth is breaking up," he gasped, and began to run again, with the other rabbit at his heels.

A third rabbit saw them running, and when he heard what the reason was, he began to run too. Then another joined them, and another and yet another, until there were one hundred thousand rabbits running through the forest. When the rabbit runs, he makes very little noise, but one hundred thousand of them did make something of a rustling, so that other rabbits came to see what was happening. A deer came bounding up, full of curiosity. A boar crashed through the underbrush. An elk and a wild ox stuck their horns through the bushes. A buffalo rolled along, followed by a rhinoceros. Finally they were joined by a tiger, a lion, even an elephant.

When the other animals found out why the rabbits were running, they began to run too, so that they shook the ground and it seemed as if the earth were breaking up indeed.

Now a great lion that was wiser than the other beasts saw them running. He knew that they were

making straight for the sea and would all be drowned if something did not stop them.

"Surely," he thought, "they have been frightened by some sound which they did not understand. I will save their lives."

He got before them at the foot of a mountain and roared three times. They stood still, nervous, frightened, huddled together.

"Why are you running?" asked the lion.

"The earth is breaking up."

"Who saw it?"

"The elephants know all about it," they said. But when the lion asked the elephants, they told him that the tigers knew, and the tigers turned to ask the buffaloes, and so on through the procession, until they came to the first little rabbit.

"Why do you think the earth is breaking up?" asked the lion.

"I was lying under a palm tree," said the rabbit, "when I heard an awful sound behind me, and I knew it was the earth beginning to go to pieces."

"Don't be afraid," said the lion, "perhaps it was a cocoanut dropping. Shall we go back and see?"

He took the rabbit on his back and bounded over the path which the beasts had made running through the forest, to the palm tree. There, to be sure, was the cocoanut lying behind the tree trunk.

"You see," said the lion, "it was not so bad after all. Shall we go back and tell the others?"

He took the rabbit on his back and carried him to the foot of the mountain where the other animals were anxiously waiting.

"It was only the thud of a cocoanut falling,—a sound the little rabbit didn't understand," said the lion. "The next time any of you hear a sound like

that, you must look behind the tree trunk before you run. The earth is not likely to break up for some time to come."

The animals went home much more quietly than they had come; and the little rabbit lay down on the other side of the palm tree, looked at the cocoanut, and thought it over. What do you suppose he did think about it?

(Adapted from the Jataka.)

Why did the animals run away? Did the little rabbit think he was telling the truth? Yes, but he made a good deal of trouble because he didn't tell the truth. What should he have done before he ran away? What should we do before we say that a thing is so?

Hand-work

Now I will give you the sheets for your own work. Here you have the story in a short form, with some of the words left out. See if you can write them in, each for yourself. Then we will read it together.

Key to the Outline Story

Once a little (rabbit) heard a cocoanut drop. He did not see it, because it was behind a (tree); so he thought the earth was breaking up and (ran) away. He told another (rabbit) which (ran) too, and then another until all the animals were running except one great (lion). He stopped them with a (roar) and asked what the trouble was. When they told him, he took the little (rabbit) on his back and went back to the (tree). There they found the cocoanut. The next time the little (rabbit) heard a noise, he looked behind the (tree) before he ran.

LESSON 19

THE PIPER

The Purpose

This story tells of the danger to a community of not keeping promises.

Opening Talk

Do you remember the story of Ivan who quarreled with his neighbor Gavriilo until he set fire to Ivan's shed and half the village burned down? There was a little boy living on the other side of the street. He had never been rude to Ivan's or Gavriilo's children and his father was a good man, but they lost everything they had in that fire, just because Ivan and Gavriilo quarreled.

Do you remember how Martin the shoemaker was kind to the old apple-woman? She went home that night feeling kind to everybody, and instead of being cross, as she was before Martin spoke to her, she gave apples to the neighbors' children and told stories to her own little granddaughter,—so that Martin made many people happy through being kind to one person.

Now we are to have a story of how a few men got a city full of people into trouble because they did not keep their promise.

Suggestions for Telling the Story

Do not fail to make it clear that the people of Hamelin deserved their punishment. Conceit, in-

gratitude, and above all, dishonor, are pitted against simplicity, generosity, and straightforwardness,—and lose, as they should.

The Piper

Long ago, there was a Piper. He lived in a deep cavern in the mountains, but he went outdoors every day and played upon his pipe in the sunshine. The birds stopped singing to listen. The squirrels balanced their little bodies against their bushy tails and forgot to look for nuts. The foxes followed like dogs at his heels.

Down in Hamelin Town, the people were not so happy as the Piper; for it was hard to tell which owned the city, the solid Germans who had built it, or the rats that had taken possession of it.

“Poor people!” said the Piper when he heard what had happened, “perhaps I can help them.”

He went piping down the hill to Hamelin and knocked at the door of the Town Hall.

“Come in,” said the Mayor.

The Piper went in. He found the Mayor and the Town Councilors sitting about a table of solid oak, richly carved. They were all stout and wore gowns lined with ermine, and they looked at the Piper with suspicion because he was slim and his trouser legs were of different colors, one red, one blue,—as was the way with all pipers, if they had only known it.

“Good morning, gentlemen,” said the Piper; “I hear you are troubled with rats.”

“Troubled,” said the Mayor, “is no name for it. But what is that to you?”

The Mayor was rude, but he was always like that.

“I thought I could help you, sir,” said the Piper, politely. “Birds and squirrels and foxes follow my

piping, and the rats will, too, perhaps. But I am poor and Hamelin Town is rich. If I can call away all the rats, will you give me a thousand guilders?"

"Fifty thousand!" cried the Mayor and Council, all at once. It was a good deal to promise, but what were fifty thousand guilders to getting rid of the rats? The Mayor and Council hardly dared take off their ermine cloaks at night, for fear the rats would use them for a bed.

The Piper heard their promise; then he went out of the Town Hall and put his pipe to his lips.

He walked down the main street as if it had been his own hillside, piping the strangest music ever heard. The Mayor and Council had followed to see what would happen, but they soon had to scramble to get out of the way of the rats, which poured out of cellar-ways and down side streets until they formed a procession as wide as the street itself. There was no room for people even on the sidewalks.

On went the Piper and on went the rats until they came to the river. There the Piper stepped aside, but the rats were going too fast to stop. The river was flowing even faster than the rats were running, and it carried them away so swiftly that soon there was not a rat in Hamelin Town.

The strange music stopped and the Piper looked about expecting at least to be thanked; but all the people seemed to be busy stopping up rat-holes. As for the Mayor and Council, they spread out their ermine cloaks and strutted back to the Town Hall as if they themselves had rid the city of rats.

Presently, the Piper knocked on the door again.

"Your Honor," he said, "the rats are gone, and I must soon be away. I would like my thousand guilders, if you please."

This was modest of the Piper, since the Mayor and Council had offered him many times that amount. But the Mayor at once began to think of all he could do with a thousand guilders.

"My dear sir," said he, with a little sneer, "you must know that we were joking when we agreed to pay you a sum like that. I agree that you have helped us, but it took only fifteen minutes of your valuable time and you can't expect to be paid at that rate. Come, we'll be generous. We will give you a good dinner and fifty guilders."

"Oh, no!" said the Piper, "when a man makes a promise to me, he must keep it. I give you one more chance, sir, to keep yours."

"What! a threat?" stuttered the Mayor, growing purple. "Do you think I'll be frightened by a street player, like you? Begone at once, sir."

Out of the hall strode the Piper. In the street he began to play once more, and this time the music was not only strange but sweet. When the grown-up people heard it, they stood still without being able to move a step, but it set the children to running and dancing. They came from all parts of Hamelin at the sound of the Piper's music. They laughed, they clapped their hands, they danced after the Piper. He pretended not to notice them, but I am sure he was secretly delighted, for it was the prettiest sight Hamelin Town had ever seen or ever will see. At any rate, his pipe gave forth a more rollicking tune and the children danced to it, hand in hand, as they followed him down the street.

They came to the river, but this time the Piper did not stop. He turned and marched along its banks, still piping, and the children followed. Of course they followed. Who wouldn't have run after

such music? They were having the most beautiful time of their lives and the music seemed to promise them better times yet. They forgot, for the moment, all about their fathers and mothers, who stood stock still, unable to move a muscle. As for the Mayor and Council, they were dumb with shame and horror. They could only watch the children running and dancing after the Piper until the mountain opened and they disappeared inside. For the Piper had taken them with him to the secret cavern which no one knew but himself.

Did they ever come back? Some say not,—that the Piper himself cared for them and taught them to be honest men and women who kept their promises. Others say that he relented and brought them back to their fathers and mothers. But all say that the Mayor and Council were changed men from that day forth; for a city without children is a sad place, and the fathers and mothers never let the Mayor and Council forget that they were to blame for it all; as indeed they were.

(Adapted from the poem by Robert Browning.)

Shall we repeat the memory verse together, before we color it?

Memory Verse

Take thought for things honorable in the sight of all men.

Romans 12:17.

It means that we must remember to keep our promises,—that is to be honorable; and then we shall not have anything to be ashamed of, because we shall have treated other people fairly.

LESSON 20

THE BITTER WATERS OF THE WILDERNESS

The Purpose

The purpose of this lesson is to show how a nation can advance only when its people are united. The Israelites, quarreling and fretful, could never accomplish anything; their victory over the Amalekites came when they worked together without discord. But this thought includes another,—that as a few people acting unjustly, like the Mayor and Council of Hamelin, can make trouble for a town, so a wise leader can save many who are making mistakes. It was the foresight of Moses, his trust and infinite patience, which molded Israel into a nation; without such leadership they would have been lost in the wilderness. While these ideas cannot be presented to the children in so many words, the teacher should get into the spirit of them and keep them in her own mind throughout the lesson.

Opening Talk *

What is the name of our State? Do you know anybody who lives in another State? (Or—Who can tell the name of another State?) What do we

* This lesson and the following one, which brings out more forcibly the idea of leadership, should be related to the birthdays of Lincoln and Washington, and should come on the two Sundays nearest their birthdays. If the class has fallen behind in the course so that there is time for only one, this lesson may be omitted and the talk about the flag given in the next lesson.

call all the States put together? Yes, the United States of America. Who can describe our flag? (Show that not only our class and school but the children all over the country know and love this flag.)

The story this week is about Moses and the Israelites. They wanted to be a great people in the land that God had given to Abraham, but they had to learn how, and this story tells something about it.

Suggestions for Telling the Story

This is a difficult story to tell and make interesting. The temptation is to emphasize the discomforts of the Israelites; but while some attention must be paid to this, to bring the situation before the class, the pupils should see that it would have been nobler for the Israelites not to have made such a fuss about their troubles,—especially when Moses was doing all he could to help them. The paragraph to be emphasized is, of course, the closing one.

The Bitter Waters of the Wilderness

Moses was leading the Israelites out of Egypt. They had lived there a long time and had not found it comfortable at all. The King of Egypt had not been good to them. He made them do just what he said, and always they had to work hard. They made bricks for his houses, and if they stopped to rest they were whipped, no matter how hot it was or how tired they were; and when the bricks were ready, they had to drag them to the buildings like so many horses. It was such very hard work that when they first left Egypt, they felt as if they never wanted to see it again as long as they lived.

Now they were on their way home. They called

it the Promised Land. They were sure that it was the most beautiful country in the world, much more beautiful than Egypt. When they were there, they would be a great nation, stronger than Egypt, and if they made bricks at all, it would be for their own houses and not for any cruel king's. But it was a long way home, through a country called the Wilderness. This means that there were only rocks and sand and trees and wild animals,—no towns with friendly people to take them in for the night. If there were people at all, they were wild tribes,—people to be afraid of. So the Israelites kept close together and wondered how many days it would be before they saw the Promised Land.

It seemed as if it would take a long time because they had to go on foot. They had no camels to ride on, as had Abraham and Lot when they traveled. It was often as hot walking as it had been in Egypt when they were making bricks, and they were very thirsty. When you are walking in the country, you hope to find a well or a brook or a spring; and a spring is the best of all, because the water is so cool when it comes trickling out of the ground. The Israelites looked for springs all along the way. For three days, they tramped on without finding any at all. They drank all the water they were carrying with them, and then they felt as if they would die, they were so thirsty. They even began to wish they were back in Egypt. It was hot there, but they had water. And then, some one found springs bubbling out of the earth and filling the hollows all about. The Israelites pressed forward, each eager to fill his pitcher and drink. But the first man to taste of the water made a wry face. It was bitter!

They emptied their pitchers on the ground in dis-

gust; and then, because they were so hot and tired and thirsty, they began to scold about it.

“What shall we drink?” they said to Moses; and they said it so fiercely that he was almost frightened. But he was very sorry for them and he did want them to have water they could drink; so he went away by himself and asked God to help him. Then he remembered that if you put the wood of a certain kind of tree into bitter springs, it will make the water sweet. Right beside him was one of those trees! Moses broke off its branches as fast as he could and threw them into the water of the spring. Before very long, the water was so sweet that the Israelites could drink all they wanted. Soon they had forgotten that they had been thirsty. But Moses must have thought that they could never be a great people as long as they fretted like little children every time they were uncomfortable.

The Israelites thought that Moses was a wonderful man to know how to make bitter water sweet. They were sure now that he would soon bring them into the Promised Land. They were glad they had left Egypt.

A few days later, they were complaining again. This time, they were hungry. They told Moses they would rather have died in Egypt where they had enough to eat than to starve to death in the Wilderness. They had forgotten all about the Promised Land and becoming a great people.

Again Moses asked God to help him; and after he had prayed, he felt so sure that help would come that he was not at all surprised when a flock of quails flew into the camp that night. The Israelites caught them and had them for supper. The next morning, they found little, round, white things on the ground

glistening like frost. "What is it?" they said. Nobody knew its name, so they called it manna. It tasted like wafers made with honey and was so good that they ate it as they would bread.

As they went on, with manna to eat every day, Moses hoped that he might yet make a great people out of the Israelites, but the next time the water gave out, they behaved as badly as ever. They grumbled and scolded at Moses until he was afraid they would throw stones at him.

"What shall I do with this people?" he cried to God.

The thought came to him that there might be springs in the rocks which could not get out. He struck the wall of rock with his staff. A few bits of loosened stone rattled down and then—yes, it really was so—a little stream of water trickled after the stones and formed a pool at the foot of the rock. It was sweet water this time.

Let us hope that the Israelites were ashamed of themselves for having been so childish. At any rate, they did not find fault with Moses again for a long time.

Then came a worse trouble than either hunger or thirst. A wild tribe of the Wilderness, the Amalekites, came up and attacked the Israelites.

There was a young man whom Moses trusted more than the others. His name was Joshua. When Moses saw that the Israelites must fight to defend themselves, he called Joshua and said to him,

"Choose us out men, and go out, fight with Amalek: to-morrow I will stand on the top of the hill with my staff in my hand."

So Joshua did as Moses had said, and fought with Amalek, while Moses with his brother Aaron and

another man, Hur, went to the top of the hill. As long as Moses held up his hands where the Israelites could see, they beat back the Amalekites; but if Moses dropped his hands, the Israelites were discouraged and Amalek gained ground. So when Moses' arms ached so that he could not hold up his hands by himself, Aaron and Hur stood one on each side of him and held them up,—held them until Israel had won the victory over Amalek.

At last the Israelites had forgotten their troubles of hunger and thirst. They had fought side by side without quarreling or fretting, and they had trusted their leader, Moses; so they had won a victory and could really look forward to the time when they should reach the Promised Land and be a great people.

(Adapted from Exodus 15:22-26; 16-17.)

What great leader is our country thinking about at this time? Who was Abraham Lincoln? Yes, he was a President, and he did as much for our country in a different way as Moses did for the Israelites. Some day, you will learn more about him. Now we must think of him as one who helped us—who helped our United States to be a greater country than it was before.

Hand-work

The story of Moses and the Hebrews in the Wilderness is printed on your sheets for you to read. After we have read it aloud, you may color the border.

LESSON 21

GIDEON

The Purpose

The story of Gideon is the culminating lesson of the group "Living Happily with Neighbors." It teaches the power of leadership and the effectiveness of united action. It may be related to the thought of Washington or Lincoln, or of both. It should not be forgotten that Gideon believed that his call to lead his people came from God.

Opening Talk *

Whose birthdays do we remember this month? Who were they? Yes, Presidents of our United States. Why do we remember their birthdays more than those of other presidents? (Because they especially helped to make us a free nation.)

This is a story of how a young man freed the Israelites from their enemies.

Suggestions for Telling the Story

This story, in contrast to the wanderings in the Wilderness, is so dramatic and full of action that it holds the class without more than the simple telling on the teacher's part. I have found it helpful, however, to have a flat surface before me—like a sheet of card-board or the top of a table—to serve as an

* If the preceding lesson has been omitted, the talk about the states and the flag should be given here.

imaginary map, showing the plan of campaign. A pencil does duty for the Jordan. The rest may be indicated by a few slips of paper,—one for the camp of the Midianites, another for Gideon's army. It helps very much in focussing attention.

Gideon

Long ago, a young man lived in Israel whose name was Gideon. He was the only son his father had left. His brothers, all older than he, had died in battle. For Israel was hard pressed by the wild tribe of Midianites who lived across the Jordan. For a time they would lie quiet and Israel would think all was well; but as soon as the wheat fields of Israel were yellow and ripe for the harvest, the Midianites would cross the river, fight with Israel and carry off the wheat like robbers. Israel had been beaten so many times that now she dared not stir. Her men lived in caves, just as animals creep into holes in the earth to protect themselves.

Gideon thought it a shame. He was brave, too brave to hide in the earth and let the Midianites carry off his father's wheat. Then God, or Jehovah,—that was Gideon's name for him—put the thought in his heart to save his people. So it happened that one morning, when a frightened messenger came running to say that the Midianites had crossed the river again, Gideon stood on a hill top and blew a trumpet.

The Israelites were so surprised that they ran from their caves to see *why* Gideon blew a trumpet. Perhaps he told them that this thing must be stopped,—that they were men to resist wrong, not cowards to be robbed. Then he sent messengers throughout the land to call the fighting men to-

gether. The Israelites were so glad to have a brave leader that Gideon soon had an army of thirty-two thousand men.

Early in the morning they pitched their tents south of the enemy; and when the Midianites woke and came out of *their* tents, they stared in surprise. There was Israel just opposite, and from the number of tents, it looked like a great army!

But Gideon was not sure of his army. The men had been brave enough at the call of the trumpet, but when they faced the camp of the Midianites, its tents extending up and down the valley as far as they could see, they began to wish they had stayed hidden in their own caves. They were not as sure as Gideon was that God would give them the victory. After all, they said to one another, what sort of a captain was this Gideon? He was little more than a boy, and many of those who had come from a distance had never heard of him. They went inside their tents and shivered there, thinking of the certain defeat and death which waited for them in the valley.

Gideon went to his own tent and thought about it, and he decided that a small army of brave men would be better than a multitude of cowards. He blew his trumpet again and gave all the men who were afraid a chance to go back to their homes. Then he counted his army once more and found that he had only ten thousand left. At least two-thirds of Israel was afraid to stand by him!

He was not sure even of these. They were brave, certainly, but were they the foolhardy kind, who would rush into danger, or would they look about them? He would find out.

How do you suppose he did it? He told them to

go to the spring and drink. They had no cups or pitchers, so some of them kneeled at the edge of the pool and bent over until their faces touched it. Others caught water in their hands and drank hurriedly, looking behind and all about to make sure that none of the Midianites were in sight. Gideon knew that these were the men he most needed. He separated them from the rest and counted them. There were only three hundred!—but they were Gideon's army.

When night came, Gideon crept up to a Midianite's tent. Within, he heard soldiers talking. They were talking about him. They were already afraid of him.

Gideon slipped back to his own camp and divided the three hundred men into three companies. He told them to leave all their weapons behind and gave each a trumpet, a torch, and an empty pitcher.

“Look on me and do likewise: and, behold, when I come to the outermost part of the camp, it shall be that, as I do, so shall ye do. When I blow the trumpet, I and all that are with me, then blow ye the trumpets also on every side of the camp, and say, ‘For Jehovah and for Gideon.’ ”

These were Gideon's orders, and the three hundred obeyed as one man. They marched silently through the dark until they came to the first tents of the Midianites. Gideon halted, the three hundred halted. Then, on the instant, he blew a loud, sharp blast on his trumpet and waved his torch in the air, throwing down his pitcher so that it crashed noisily on the ground. The signal was followed by the blaring trumpets, the waving torches, the crashing pitchers of the first hundred men, of the second hundred, of the third hundred; and all shouted together,

“For Jehovah and for Gideon!”

What a din they made! The Midianites awoke in terror to see the air blazing with torches which made their tents all the darker. They stumbled about in disorder hunting for armor and weapons, and when they had found them, they killed each other by mistake and finally ran away. In the meantime, Gideon had called the rest of the army and started in pursuit, the three hundred still blowing their trumpets. When the men of Israel who had gone home frightened heard of the pursuit, they came running after; for they were quite brave enough for this! They drove the Midianites so fast and so far that they stayed on their own side of the Jordan and did not trouble the Israelites again for a long time.

So Israel was free; and all because Gideon was brave and found three hundred brave men who stood with him against the enemy.

(Adapted from Judges 6:1-6, 33; 7.)

Who called Gideon to free Israel? What must we do to be a great and free nation? (We must stand together and help each other and ask God to put the right thoughts into the minds and hearts of our presidents so that they can lead us well.)

Memory Verse

**Our help is in the name of the Lord,
Who made heaven and earth.**

Psalm 124:8.

Hand-work

We have plasticine to-day. First, we will make the valley where Gideon and the Midianites encamped; and then we will model the tents. Where

do you suppose the stream was, where Gideon's soldiers went to drink? If we have time, we may model a torch and a trumpet, because they helped Gideon to win his victory.

PART V

GIVING ONE'S SELF FOR OTHERS

THEME

Freely ye received, freely give.
Matthew 10:8.

LESSON 22

THE FLAX

The Purpose

“The Flax” is a parable illustrating the theme of this group of lessons,—giving one’s self for others. The act of giving hurts the flax, but it does not complain; and as the process goes on, it learns that each change is for the better. It is a parable for the teacher, too. An ideal like this is attained slowly and often with pain. While we all know of instances of heroic self-sacrifice among children, the most we can expect to do with the average child is to fix in his mind the principles of self-giving so that they will influence strongly his growing life. It is not easy for the child who is just finding himself to give that self up; and yet the straightforward words of Jesus about giving one’s self wholly do appeal to children, the more, perhaps, because the purity of their thoughts has not been stained with worldly wisdom. So we choose this period of sensitiveness to impress ideas which may take a life-time to develop.

Opening Talk

Who can tell me what an apple blossom looks like? Is it very pretty? Can the tree keep its blossoms all summer? No, it must give them up; but what comes in place of the blossoms? What does the tree do with its apples? It gives them up, too, to be put

in barrels and sold to be food for many people.

Our story this morning is about a little plant called the flax, and how it gave up one thing after another.

Suggestions for Telling the Story

This beautiful parable of giving is another story which should be told as nearly as possible as it is written. Parts of the original have necessarily been eliminated, but the language largely, and the spirit wholly, are those of Hans Christian Andersen. If the teacher retells it, she must be careful at the start to enlist the sympathies of the pupils with the flax, so that they may follow its experiences with real interest and appreciate its patience.

The Flax

The flax was in full bloom; it had pretty little blue flowers, as delicate as the wings of a moth. The showers watered it and the sun shone, and this was just as good for the flax as it is for little children to be washed and then kissed by their mother.

"People say I look well," said the flax, "and that I am so fine and long that I shall make a beautiful piece of linen. How fortunate I am; it makes me so happy! It is such a pleasant thing to know that something can be made of me."

One day some people came, who took hold of the flax and pulled it up by the roots—this was painful; then they laid it in water as if they intended to drown it, and after that placed it near a fire as if it were to be roasted: all this was very shocking. It was steeped and roasted and broken and put together; indeed, it scarcely knew what was done to it, except that it had given up its green leaves and blue flowers and everything it had. At last it was put

on the spinning wheel. "Whirr, whirr," went the wheel, so quickly that the flax could not collect its thoughts. "Well, I have been very happy," it thought in the midst of its pain, "and must be contented with that." And contented it remained until it was put on the loom and made into a beautiful piece of white linen.

"Well," thought the flax, "how wonderful it is that after being hurt so badly I am made something of at last. I am the luckiest person in the world—so strong and fine, so white and long. This is better than being a mere plant and bearing flowers. I cannot be happier than I am now." After some time, the linen was cut and torn with scissors and pricked with needles. This certainly was not pleasant; but the linen gave up its beautiful length and wholeness without crying out, and at last it was made into twelve garments. "See, now," said the flax, "I have become something of importance and shall be of some use in the world, as every one ought to be. It is the only way to be happy."

Years passed away, and at last the linen was so worn that it could scarcely hold together. At length, the pieces fell into rags and tatters and thought it was all over with them, for they were torn in shreds and steeped in water and made into a pulp and dried, and they knew not what besides, till all at once they found themselves beautiful, white paper.

"Well, now, this is a surprise; a glorious surprise, too," said the paper. "I am now finer than ever, and I shall be written upon, and who can tell what fine things may be written upon me. This is wonderful luck!"

Sure enough, the most beautiful stories were writ-

ten upon it, and only once was there a blot, which was very fortunate. Then people heard the stories read and it made them wiser and better.

The paper was very happy and thought it might travel through the world so that people could read what was written on it; but instead of that, it was sent to the printer, and all the words written upon it were set up in type, to make a book, or rather, many hundreds of books. This was better, for many more people could read the books, and the paper would have been worn out before it had got half through its journey.

“This is certainly the wisest plan,” said the written paper; “I really did not think of that. I can give up that journey very well. It is better to remain at home and be held in honor like some old grandfather, as I really am, to all those new books.”

Then the paper was tied in a bundle with other papers and thrown into a tub that stood in the wash-house.

“After work it is good to rest,” said the paper, “and a good chance to think. What will be done with me now, I wonder. I am sure I shall go forward. I always have.”

One day, all the paper in the tub was taken out and laid on the hearth to be burnt. The children in the house stood round the hearth, for they wanted to see the paper burn, because it flamed up so prettily, and afterwards, among the ashes, so many red sparks could be seen running one after the other, here and there, as quick as the wind.

The whole bundle of paper had been placed on the fire and was soon alight. “Ugh,” cried the paper, as it burst into a bright flame; “ugh.” It was certainly not very pleasant to be burning and

it seemed hard to give up being paper; but when the whole was wrapped in flames, the flames mounted up into the air, higher than the flax had ever been able to raise its little blue flower, and they glistened as the white linen had never glistened. All the written letters became quite red in a moment, and all the words and thoughts turned to fire.

“Now I am mounting straight up to the sun,” said a voice in the flames; “the most beautiful is yet to come.”

But the children could neither hear nor understand this, nor should they; for we must not know everything.

(Adapted from Hans Christian Andersen.)

Key to Expressional Work

What the flax gave up:

1. Its blue (flowers) and green (leaves).
2. The beautiful, white (length) of its linen.
3. Its form as useful garments to become (paper).
4. Its journey as a (book).
5. Its life as (paper) to make a pretty (fire).

Where the flax went:

As (flame), it mounted straight up to the (sun);
and this was the best of all!

Memory Verse

Give to him that asketh thee.

Matthew 5:42.

LESSON 23

HIAWATHA'S SAILING

The Purpose

The thought of this lesson is a continuation of that in the story of the Flax. The trees give, each what it has, that the canoe may be built for the help of Man.*

Opening Talk

What was our memory verse for last Sunday? Shall we say it again to-day? What did the flax give?

To-day, we shall hear what the trees of the forest gave to Hiawatha.

Suggestions for Telling the Story

The only difficulty in telling this story is in memorizing the order of trees and so making the mechanical process of canoe-building a correct one. It would be fatal to have Hiawatha appeal to the Fir Tree for balm before the ends of the canoe were sewed together.

Hiawatha's Sailing

It was just before dawn and very still. Hiawatha stood in the valley, beside the rushing river, and waited for sunrise. He was up early, for he had a great work to do that day. He was to build a

* If all the lessons in this group cannot be given between Washington's Birthday and Easter, this lesson may be omitted.

canoe, so that he could sail upon the rushing river and travel the entire length of it easily, instead of climbing slowly along its banks.

A little breeze stole down from the tree-tops to tell the leaves that the sun was coming. The leaves began to talk about it in soft whispers—for they were young leaves and their voices were not dry and sharp as they would be in the fall.

Hiawatha heard the leaves talking, and he stood straight and threw back his head, watching intently the line of hills in the east. Yes, the sun was coming. The sky was growing yellow. More breezes stole down from the tree-tops. The leaves talked louder. Birds began to call to each other through the forest. And now, the sun himself, round and glowing, started up from behind the line of hills as if to say, "Behold me!"

Hiawatha drew a long breath. He turned to a stately birch tree which grew by the rushing river, and held out his hands to it, palm upward.

"O Birch Tree!" he said. "Give me of your bark and I will build a light canoe that shall float upon the river like a yellow water-lily. Summer is coming, the sun is warm. You do not need your cloak. Give it to me, O Birch Tree!"

The branches of the birch tree rustled and it gave a deep sigh of patience.

"Take my cloak," it said. "Take it, Hiawatha."

Carefully Hiawatha girdled the tree with his sharp knife, just below the branches, just above the roots. He cut through the bark in a straight line, from top to bottom, raised it with a wooden wedge, and stripped it unbroken from the trunk.

This done, he turned to the cedar tree.

"Give me of your boughs, O Cedar. I need your

easily bent branches to make my canoe steady and strong and firm."

The cedar gave a moaning cry. How could it give up its boughs? It would hurt very much. But it bent down and whispered,

"Take my boughs. Take them, Hiawatha."

Hiawatha hewed down the boughs he needed and shaped them into a framework, like two bows when they are bent. Then he said,

"Give me of your roots, O Larch Tree! I must use them to bind the ends of my canoe together."

The larch tree shivered. It might die if it gave its roots. But it touched Hiawatha's forehead with its tassels and said,

"Take them all, O Hiawatha!"

Hiawatha tore from the earth all he needed of the tough roots, sewed together the ends of his canoe and bound it closely to the framework of cedar.

"Give me of your balm, O Fir Tree, so that I may close the seams at the ends of my canoe and the river may not wet me."

The tall fir tree rattled its branches so that they sounded like pebbles on the sea-shore when the waves push them backward and forward.

"Take my balm," it sobbed. "Take it, Hiawatha."

Hiawatha caught the tears of balsam and smeared every seam and crack so that not a drop of water could get in.

Now you would have said that the canoe was complete, but Hiawatha wanted something else.

"Give me of your quills, O Hedgehog, all your quills! I will make a girdle for my canoe and two stars, that she may be beautiful."

The hedgehog looked out with sleepy eyes from a

hollow tree. Then he shot his shining quills like arrows, saying, through the tangle of his whiskers,

“Take my quills, O Hiawatha!”

Hiawatha gathered them and stained them red and blue and yellow with the juice of roots and berries; and they made a marvelous necklace for the bows of his canoe, a girdle for its waist, and two splendid stars for its breast.

Now indeed the birch canoe was finished. Hiawatha did a great deal of good with it. He cleared away the dead trees and snags and sand-bars from the river so that his people could sail on it without danger of being upset. He was most grateful to the birch tree and the cedar, the larch and the fir, and the hedgehog. They had given the best they had for that canoe. Hiawatha could not have built it otherwise.

(Adapted from “*The Song of Hiawatha*” by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.)

Hand-work

Your work to-day is to make a picture of Hiawatha building the canoe, or sailing on the rushing river.

LESSON 24

THE BOX OF OINTMENT

The Purpose

In the story of Mary of Bethany, as in the other lessons of this group, the gift is complete. Mary gives the best she has and gives it all, withholding nothing. But her service is a homely one, in spite of the costliness of the ointment; and the lesson is intended to show that giving one's self is not limited to acts of heroism. Each one of us may give himself daily in little acts of service, provided he does it for love, without thought of personal profit. It may be said of a child as Jesus said of Mary, "She hath done what she could."

Opening Talk

You will be more than ever glad to hear the story to-day, because it is about Jesus and Mary,—not Mary his mother, whom you heard about at Christmas, but another Mary. The story happened when Jesus was quite grown up and had many friends.

Suggestions for Telling the Story

Emphasize Mary's happiness at being with Jesus, the joy with which she listened to his words. Her treasuring of the ointment counts only as making it a more worthy gift for him.

The Box of Ointment

Mary lived in Bethany, a little town in the hills near Jerusalem. She thought herself the happiest person in the world, because Jesus was her friend. He had visited at their house, and she had sat at his feet and listened while he talked. We do not know what he said to her, but we do know that she liked it as you like the stories which you ask to have told over and over again. When he had gone, she thought over his words, repeating them until she was sure of them and she hoped he might come again some day, so that she might do some little thing to show him how much she cared for him.

At last, he did come. It was Passover Week, when people came to Jerusalem from all over Palestine. Usually, these strangers interested Mary very much. She liked to watch them and hear them tell of their lives in towns which she had never seen. But this year, Mary did not think of the strangers at all, because Jesus was with them, and she was thinking and thinking what she could do for him. He was to sleep at their house that night and every night, if he chose, through Passover Week; but Martha, Mary's sister, would look after that. They were to have the Twelve Disciples at supper too. What Mary longed to do was some special thing for Jesus himself.

They were all at supper when an idea came to her. Jesus had walked many miles that day, and his feet were hot and tired. When Mary saw them, she felt sorry and thought they must hurt very much. Then she remembered her greatest treasure, a box of fragrant ointment. She seldom used it, it was so expensive, but she liked to take the cover off the

box and let the rich perfume of it fill the house. If she should pour it on Jesus' feet, it might make them feel better. At least, it was the best she had to give.

She slipped away from the table and came back quickly. No one noticed her. They were listening so closely to what Jesus was saying that they did not even see what she was doing until the fragrance of the ointment filled the room. Then they turned and saw. Mary had poured it out to the very last drop!

Jesus stopped talking and every one looked at Mary. Then Judas Iscariot, who took care of the disciples' money, began to scold Mary for her extravagance.

"Why was not this ointment sold," he said, "and given to the poor?"

But Jesus said,

"Let her alone; why do you trouble her? She hath done what she could."

Then Mary was glad; for she knew that Jesus understood that she had given him the best she had, even though it was only a box of ointment.

(Adapted from John 12:1-8.)

Hand-work

Who are the people in the picture? What are they doing? Yes, Mary is listening to Jesus and Martha is getting supper. The picture is to be pasted just inside the frame when you have colored it.

LESSON 25

THE WIDOW'S MITES

The Purpose

This story shows the value of a small gift which means everything to the giver, contrasted with the larger gift which is handed out carelessly and then forgotten because the giver will never know the difference.

Opening Talk

Who can tell me what Mary of Bethany gave to Jesus? Did she care very much for the box of ointment? Was there any ointment left in the box after Mary had poured it over Jesus' feet? Why was she so happy, even though the ointment was all gone?

This is another story about Jesus. It happened only a few days after the supper in Bethany.

Suggestions for Telling the Story

This is another of those Bible stories which cannot fail to appeal because of its simplicity and directness. Be sure to bring out the dramatic contrast between the noisy rattling of the coins of the rich, and the gift which would have gone unnoticed if it had not been for Jesus.

The Widow's Mites

It was one morning during Passover Week, and Jesus and his disciples were sitting in a court of

the great temple at Jerusalem. They were watching the people as they passed by. Many of them were rich men. You could tell this from their clothes and from the way they walked with their chins in the air.

Fastened to columns which supported the roof, were trumpet-shaped boxes, where people put their offerings for the temple. Jesus noticed that the richly dressed people threw in a good deal of money, which rattled noisily as it fell into the boxes. Every one else noticed it too,—they couldn't help it. Probably they thought how generous the givers were and wished they had more money themselves to give away. But Jesus saw something else which other people overlooked,—a thin-faced, poorly dressed widow, who stepped shyly up to a box and dropped in two mites, the smallest coin the Jews had. Jesus saw also that she had no more to give,—her pocket was empty. She looked hurriedly about her, for fear some one might have seen how little she could give, but she need not have been troubled. Her coins were too small to make a noise, and her dress was so poor that no one cared what she might do. It was the rich people whom the crowd admired.

Jesus looked about for his disciples, but they were watching the rich men, too. It all seemed very wonderful to the disciples after their simple country homes. So Jesus had to call their attention to the poor widow. And he said,

“This poor widow gave more than all the rest; for they gave only a part while she gave all she had.”

Then the disciples forgot to watch the rich men; they did not seem interesting any more: but they

looked reverently after the poor widow until she slipped through the crowd and was gone.

(Adapted from Luke 21:1-4.)

Key to the Outline Story

Jesus sat down in the (temple), opposite the treasury, and saw how people were casting (money) into the boxes; and many that were (rich) cast in (much). And there came a poor (widow), and she cast in (two) mites, which make a farthing. And he called his disciples to him and said to them, Verily I say unto you, This poor (widow) cast in more than all they who are casting into the treasury; for they did cast in of their abundance; but she of her (want) did cast in (all) that she had, even all her living.

(Adapted from Mark 12:41-44.)

LESSON 26

HOW JESUS GAVE HIMSELF

The Purpose

This lesson teaches that the supreme gift is the gift of life; and that such a gift is followed by richer life. Hans Andersen, in his parable of "The Flax," taught the same lesson. Here we have it illustrated in the Gospel story. Jesus made giving a foundation principle of his teaching. When the time came, he gave himself. As for the Resurrection, there are protests against teaching as fact what seems physically impossible; but is it not the greatest parable of the Gospels? Aside from its foundation upon an inextinguishable hope, it recognizes that true progress is dependent upon giving one's best that others may be better off. Such a gift as that of Jesus could not help but be followed by a Resurrection!

Emphasis is placed upon the struggle in Jesus' own mind, culminating in his lonely watch in the Garden of Gethsemane, rather than upon the Crucifixion. This may be the first time that the fact of Jesus' death has been brought home to the children; and the details make too painful an impression to be dwelt upon. The lesson should be given on the Sunday before Easter. If seasonal interruptions occur, such as rehearsals for the Easter service, the hand-work may be omitted or done at home; but if the lesson is given at all, it is hoped that none of the story will be left out. Night in Gethsemane must

be followed by morning in that other garden, when Mary Magdalene had her vision of the risen Master.

Opening Talk

What are our memory verses about giving? (Give to him that asketh thee. Freely ye received, freely give.) Who first said them? Yes, Jesus. He believed in giving the best he had, and he taught his friends and pupils to do it, too. To-day, we are to learn another thing he said.

Memory Verse

Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.

John 15:13.

The time came when Jesus did give his life. This is how it happened.

How Jesus Gave Himself

It was the morning after the supper at Bethany, when Mary had poured her precious ointment over the feet of Jesus. He was leaving the house of Mary and Martha and going to Jerusalem.

His disciples brought an ass, that he might ride. Crowds of people went with them. Some had been following Jesus before he came to Bethany. Others, who had come to Jerusalem for the Passover Week, had heard of Jesus and were eager to see him and hear him speak. As they came near Jerusalem, the crowd grew larger. Some of them stripped branches from the trees and spread them on the dusty road so that Jesus might have a cool, green path to ride over. Then they began to sing,

“Blessed is the King that cometh in the name of the Lord: Hosanna in the highest.”

(Now, many of our churches remember the Sunday before Easter as Palm Sunday, the day when the friends of Jesus scattered green branches before him, as he entered Jerusalem.)

They poured into the city and filled its narrow streets, with Jesus riding in their midst; and still they sang,

“Blessed is the King that cometh in the name of the Lord: Hosanna in the highest.”

Now there was already a ruler in Jerusalem, and when his friends heard the people call Jesus a king, they did not like it. There were priests and lawyers—scribes, they were called—and Pharisees who did not like it, either. They were afraid that all these people would really make Jesus King of the Jews, and then where would they be? Jesus did not like their ways. They liked to get things for themselves instead of giving up to other people. If Jesus were King, they would be very uncomfortable. They must stop it. So they began by saying,

“Master, rebuke thy disciples.”

But Jesus would not.

Then the scribes and Pharisees went to the high priest, who was over all the other priests and almost as powerful as the Governor himself; and they talked and talked and tried to think how they could arrest Jesus before the Jews made him King. They talked about it all that week. But they could not find a way, for they did not dare to arrest him in the day time, because there were so many of his friends always with him; and they did not know where he went at night. Only the twelve disciples knew, and they would probably not tell, especially if they knew that the high priest and scribes and Pharisees were

trying to find out, for the disciples were the best friends Jesus had.

But one did tell! Judas Iscariot loved money more than he loved Jesus. He took care of the disciples' money and was always wishing that there were more of it. It was he, you remember, who scolded Mary for pouring out all the precious ointment. He knew that the high priest and scribes and Pharisees were rich. Perhaps they would give him money if he told them where Jesus went at night.

Judas went to them and said,

“What are ye willing to give me, if I deliver him unto you?”

After talking and thinking about it all the week, they were willing to give a good deal, and they put thirty pieces of silver into the hands of Judas.

Judas put it into his money bag and rejoiced because it was so heavy. When he thought about Jesus, he must have been a little troubled; but, he probably reasoned, Jesus had not done anything wrong. The scribes and Pharisees could not hurt him if they did arrest him.

But Jesus knew that if he were arrested, he would be put to death.

Jesus felt that the other disciples should know what was likely to happen, so he told them at the Passover supper, when they were alone together. As they were eating, Jesus suddenly said,

“One of you shall betray me.”

They were so surprised and shocked that they hardly knew what to say. They looked first at each other and then at Jesus; and they wondered who it could be who would do such a thing! One by one, they said,

“Master, is it I?”

Jesus did not tell them who it was,—he only said that it was indeed one of the twelve. Then he turned to Judas and said,

“What thou doest, do quickly.”

Judas left the room, but even then, the others did not suspect him. Some thought that as he had the money bag, he went out to buy food, or that he was to give something to the poor. So they continued to question each other as to whom Jesus meant.

After the supper, they sang a hymn together and went out to the Mount of Olives. It was so dark under the trees that it seemed as if no one could find them; but Judas had not come back.

The disciples were tired and went to sleep; but Jesus asked Peter and James and John to go with him a little way off, and they saw that he was greatly troubled. He asked them to watch—for he knew that when Judas came, there would be soldiers with him—and he went away by himself.

Jesus had always given the best he had. Was he ready to give his life? It was a dark night,—he might get away, even now. But was it right for him to run away? Would it not be cowardly? Yet to stay was like drinking something very bitter.

“Father,” he prayed, “if it be possible, let this cup pass from me: nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt.”

He prayed a long time until great drops of sweat rolled off his face. When he was so lonely that he could not bear it any longer, he went to Peter, James, and John; but they were asleep. He left them again and prayed even more earnestly, asking God to help him. He knew now that there was no question of running away. He must stay and give his life. If

he did, it would help people to remember what he had taught them. And then he felt much happier and no longer afraid. God *had* helped him. He was not even lonely any more, although the disciples were still asleep.

The soldiers came, led by Judas. They arrested Jesus and took him away. The disciples were so frightened that they dared not follow, but Jesus was brave. He did not lose courage all that night; and the next day he gave up his life for his friends.

The disciples felt as if they could not bear it. They did not know what it meant. But on the first day of the week, a friend of Jesus, named Mary Magdalene, was alone in the garden, very early, before the sun had risen. She was weeping, because Jesus was dead. How she wished he were there! She knew just how he would look. She could almost see him. And then, they say, she did see him standing before her, and she heard his voice saying,

“Go to my friends, and say to them, ‘I go to my Father and your Father, and my God and your God.’”

Then Mary felt that Jesus was not dead,—that he had given up his life with them only to enter into a better one. She hurried to tell the disciples. And as she ran, the sun rose and the birds began to sing, for this was the first Easter.

(Adapted from Matthew 21:1-11, 46; 26:14-25, 30, 36-56; Luke 19:37-40; John 20:1, 11, 14-18.)

Jesus was right about giving up his life. It is almost two thousand years ago that it happened, but he has never been forgotten. People to-day love him and are trying to live as he taught us to live. As for where he went, except that he went to God,

we don't know. It is a secret,—one of God's secrets. But since God's secrets are beautiful ones, we can believe as the flax did when it mounted up in the fire. Do you remember what it said? Yes, "The best is yet to come."

Hand-work

Shall we be very careful to-day in choosing beautiful colors for our memory verse? Think of it as one you will wish to keep.

PART VI

THE BEAUTY OF LIVING TOGETHER

THEME

He that loveth his brother abideth in the light.
I John 1:10.

LESSON 27

THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL

The Purpose

The story of Sir Launfal, like all the lessons of this last group, is intended to show that joy comes when we live together in the spirit of love. Its specific purpose is to make a distinction between giving and sharing; and incidentally to show that opportunity for service is present at our own doors rather than at some distant time and place.

Opening Talk

Who can tell me what Jesus and his disciples did on that last night in Jerusalem before they went into the garden? Yes, they had supper together. The cup out of which Jesus drank that night was kept a long time by his friends, because they liked to have something that he had touched. There is a story that it was taken to England, and it was so precious that men were appointed to look after it especially, and see that it was safe. There was a rule that these keepers should be good men,—that they should never do or say or even think anything wrong; but one day, a keeper forgot to be good, so the cup vanished, and no one knew where it went. Now there were men in England called knights. Do you know who knights were? They were brave men who

lived in castles and rode about the country on horseback, helping people who were in trouble. When the cup disappeared, they were all eager to find it. They called it the Holy Grail. Some day you will read of the long and strange journeys some of them took, trying to find it. Our lesson this morning is about one of them.

Suggestions for Telling the Story

Emphasize the indifference of the wealthy young knight to the people he helped. "He never went to see them." Again, the beggar says, "You gave me that gold because you thought you *ought* to do it." At the climax, note the contrast of Sir Launfal's spirit with what he felt before. He thought only that the beggar must be "as cold and hungry as himself." Finally, emphasize the lines,

" 'Not what we give, but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare.' "

Sir Launfal's changed life follows as a matter of course.

The Vision of Sir Launfal

Sir Launfal was one of the youngest of the knights, but he was very strong. He was rich, too. He had more money than he knew what to do with. He lived in a castle and had everything he wanted. Sometimes he threw a piece of money to a beggar, and when he heard that people were poor, he sent them a piece of gold. But he never went to see them, and he was so rich that he might have given away more than he did without knowing the difference. As for his castle, it was beautiful inside with many splendid rooms, but no one ever saw them ex-

cept Sir Launfal's friends, who were as rich as he was and did not care much for the beauty of the castle because they saw others like it so often.

Sir Launfal, like the other knights, decided that he would go on a long journey and search for the Holy Grail. It was early summer, a good time to travel, and he planned to put on his best armor and ride on his favorite horse and to start the very next morning.

That night he had a dream.

In his dream he rode out of the castle with golden spurs on his heels and armor that gleamed like gold. He felt strong and happy. The birds sang as if their throats would burst. The leaves on the trees were green and rustling. Only his own castle looked cold and stern, as if it waited impatiently for winter. He was glad to be out of it, riding away to find the Grail.

Just then, a beggar, clothed in dirty rags, lifted his hand and begged for help.

Sir Launfal was disgusted. The beggar was so dirty and thin! What business had he to be there at all on such a beautiful day? And he was keeping Sir Launfal from riding on his journey.

The knight looked at him scornfully. Then he put his hand in his pocket and flung him a piece of gold.

The gold fell in the dust, while the beggar straightened his thin shoulders and looked the astonished Sir Launfal in the eye.

"No," he said, "you gave me that gold because you thought you ought to do it, not because you care how ill I am, or how hungry. I would rather have a poor man give me a crust; I would rather

have a poor man kind to me and not give me anything at all, than take gold from you who are not kind."

As the beggar spoke, Sir Launfal shivered. He grew colder and colder. The beggar vanished. The birds stopped singing. The leaves withered and fell from the trees, and as Sir Launfal looked about him, he saw that it was winter. The ground was covered with snow and ice. He himself was changed. His horse was gone and his splendid armor and golden spurs. He was old; his gray beard helped to keep warm his hollow chest. He was tired; he sat down to rest beside a frozen brook. He was poor; it seemed to him that he had made his long journey searching for the Grail and had not found it, that he had been gone so long that another knight had taken his place in the castle. And now, he was so changed that no one knew him; he had been turned away from his own door! Now, indeed, he knew what it meant to be hungry and ill and lonely, like the beggar to whom he had scornfully flung a piece of gold.

As he sat shivering in his ragged clothing, he tried to keep warm by thinking of the hot countries through which he had traveled on his search for the Holy Grail. The best to think of was a burning desert. He had almost forgotten how wretched he was, when he was startled by a voice asking for help.

It was the beggar again!

Sir Launfal did not stop to think how dirty the beggar was,—he only thought that he must be as cold and hungry as himself. He divided the mouldy crust of bread which was all he had left, and breaking the ice at the edge of the brook, gave the

beggar a drink of cold water in the name of Jesus. For he remembered that Jesus gave to the poor.

It grew light suddenly, and the beggar became very beautiful, as if it were Jesus himself. And a voice said,

“All these years you have searched for the Holy Grail and have not found it; but the cup which you filled at the brook, from which we drank together, is just as holy.

“ ‘The Holy Supper is kept indeed,
In whatso we share with another’s need;
Not what we give, but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me.’ ”

Sir Launfal awoke with a start. Yes, he was still young and strong. He was lying in his own castle. The warm air of summer came in through the window. It had been a dream. But he could not forget it. He had seen a beggar become Jesus, who had spoken to him and told him that the Holy Grail was not nearly so important as sharing what he had with those who needed it. So Sir Launfal hung up his armor and opened his castle gates, and if you had gone by in those days, you would not have thought that the castle looked at all stern, because the doors were wide open. People who had poor homes went in and enjoyed the beautiful rooms as they had never been enjoyed before, and Sir Launfal was always there to receive them as he would his own friends. And when he heard other knights talking of the Holy Grail, and how they were intend-

ing to spend their lives hunting for it, he thought of his dream and said nothing at all.

(Adapted from the poem by James Russell Lowell.)

Hand-work

To-day, we draw our own pictures. We can choose between Sir Launfal on horseback, throwing money to the beggar, and Sir Launfal sharing his bread with the beggar beside the frozen brook.

LESSON 28

THE COURTESY OF REBEKAH

The Purpose

Being polite is one of the most beautiful attributes of social life. Courtesy, deference to others, especially to those older or weaker, is a winning virtue, the more so in a child, and is well worth cultivating. The surest way is through the teacher's own courtesy to the children; but it does no harm to present the charms of politeness in story form. Of course, the thought behind it all is kindness, whose natural expression is courtesy.

Opening Talk

Do you remember what Sir Launfal did when he rode out of the castle gate and saw the beggar? Was he polite? Why not? (Bring out that he threw the coin to the beggar because he was not really kind to him; he was impatient because the beggar got in the way.) The story to-day is about some one who really was polite.

Suggestions for Telling the Story

This is another story with a good deal of conversation in Old Testament language; but the passages are after all so simple and expressive that it will be worth while to give them exactly. The teacher's point of view is that of Eliezer; she must try to feel as he did,—so anxious that God would

help him to do the best for his beloved master, sensitive to Rebekah's beauty but still more to her kind heart, grateful to hospitality but willing to lose no time because he was so eager to tell Abraham and Isaac of his success. The listening child should follow every step of the way. He should be glad when Rebekah brings water to the stranger, glad that she is rewarded with the ring and bracelets and the honor of being Isaac's wife. Such an honor can be appreciated in this generation only by the very young, who have not yet learned to regard Oriental customs with skepticism. It is akin to the fairy tales in which they marry and "live happily ever after."

The Courtesy of Rebekah

Abraham grew very rich after he settled in the land of Canaan. He had sheep and cattle and camels, silver and gold. But he cared little for all these when he thought of Isaac, his only son. Isaac was born after Abraham went to live in the hills, and his father loved him as your fathers love you.

When Isaac grew up, Abraham wished him to marry, but none of the women who lived in Canaan seemed good enough to be his wife. Abraham began to think of that old home in Haran, far to the east, beyond the misty, blue plains which he had crossed on his way to Canaan, and the more he thought the more sure he felt that only in Haran could be found a woman good and beautiful enough to marry his son.

So Abraham called Eliezer, his faithful servant. Eliezer looked after the men who were in charge of the sheep and cattle and camels. He knew exactly how much gold and silver Abraham had, and was as

careful to have everything done right as if he had been Abraham himself. Abraham knew that he might trust Eliezer to do anything, no matter how hard it was. So he said to him,

“Eliezer, I am an old man and may die soon; promise me not to take a wife for my son Isaac from the daughters of the Canaanites. Go into my country and to my own people, and take a wife for my son Isaac.”

Eliezer took ten camels from his master's herd and started on his journey; and he also took a golden ring and bracelets, and jewels set in silver and gold, and beautiful clothing for the woman who should be Isaac's wife. He rode on and on, across the misty, blue plains, until he came to the city where Abraham's own people lived. He stopped outside the city and made the ten camels kneel down to rest near the well where the women came at evening to draw water. He saw them coming, with their pitchers on their shoulders, and he prayed that God would show him the right one.

“O Lord,” he said, “the God of my master Abraham, send me, I pray thee, good speed on this day, and show kindness to my master Abraham. Behold I stand by the well of water; and the daughters of the men of the city come out to draw water: and let it come to pass, that the maiden to whom I say, ‘Let down thy pitcher, I pray thee, that I may drink:’ and she shall say, ‘Drink, and I will give thy camels drink also:’ let it be she whom thou hast appointed for the bride of thy servant, Isaac; and so I shall know that thou hast showed kindness unto my master.”

Almost before he had finished his prayer, Rebekah came out with her pitcher on her shoulder. She was

beautiful to look at, as she went down to the fountain to fill her pitcher. When she came back, Eliezer ran to meet her, and said,

“Give me to drink, I pray thee, a little water from thy pitcher.”

“Drink, my lord,” said Rebekah, and letting down her pitcher from her shoulder, she gave him water. When he had finished, she said,

“I will draw for thy camels also, until they have done drinking.”

Eliezer watched her as she drew water for the camels, wondering if she would make a fitting wife for his young master Isaac; and he decided that God had answered his prayer, because Rebekah had been so kind, both to him and to his thirsty camels. So when the camels had all the water they could drink, Eliezer took the gold ring and the bracelets and gave them to Rebekah.

“Tell me,” he said, “whose daughter art thou? Is there room in thy father’s house for us to spend the night?”

Rebekah said,

“I am the daughter of Bethuel and granddaughter of Nahor. We have straw for the camels and food enough, and sleeping-room also.”

Then Eliezer was glad, because Nahor was Abraham’s own brother. Often he had heard his master speak of him. Eliezer bowed his head and thanked God aloud for leading him to Abraham’s family.

When Rebekah heard him, she was much astonished and ran home to tell her mother. Rebekah had a brother whose name was Laban; and when he saw the ring and the bracelets, and heard Rebekah telling what the man at the well had said to

her, he too ran out to see Eliezer. He found him waiting with his camels at the fountain.

“Come in, thou blessed of the Lord,” said Laban; “wherefore standest thou without? I have prepared the house, and room for the camels.”

So Eliezer went with Laban; but when the camels were cared for and fed and furnished with straw, and food was set before Eliezer, he refused to eat.

“No,” he said, “I will not eat, until I have told my errand.”

“Speak on,” said Laban.

“I am Abraham’s servant,” said Eliezer, “and the Lord hath blessed my master greatly: he hath given him flocks and herds, and silver and gold, and menservants and maidservants, and camels and asses. And Abraham has one son to whom he hath given all that he hath. And my master made me promise not to take a wife for his son from the land of Canaan, where I live, but to go to his father’s house and take a wife from his own people.”

Then he told of his prayer at the fountain and how Rebekah had been kind to him, and how he believed that God had sent him in the right way; and he asked Rebekah’s family if they were willing that she should go back with him and be the bride of Isaac.

They said that she might go; and then Eliezer brought out the jewels set in silver and gold and the beautiful clothing and gave them to Rebekah, and he gave precious things to her mother also. Now that it was decided, Eliezer ate the food which had been set before him and the others ate and drank with him; and then they slept, for it was night.

They rose early in the morning, and Eliezer said, "Send me away to my master."

But Rebekah's family did not wish her to go at once. Laban and her mother said,

"Let her stay with us a few days, at the least ten; after that, she shall go."

But Eliezer could not wait to get back to Abraham. So they called Rebekah and asked her; and when she said that she was willing to go, her family said that she might.

They sent away Rebekah with maidens to wait upon her; and they rode on the ten camels which Eliezer had brought. All along the way, over the plains, he was glad; for he thought again and again how kind Rebekah had been. If she had not brought cool water to him, a perfect stranger, and to his tired camels, he should never have found her. He was sure that Abraham and Isaac would like her too.

He was right. When they were nearly home, Isaac came out to meet them. He had gone out into the fields at sunset, and all at once he saw the camels coming. At the same time, Rebekah saw him and asked Eliezer who it was.

"It is my master," said the servant.

Isaac took Rebekah home and she became his wife and he loved her, so that Eliezer was never sorry that he had chosen the woman who had been courteous to him.

(Adapted from Genesis 24.)

True courtesy is just being kind in the most gentle and thoughtful way. So our short memory verse says something about kindness. Shall we say it together?

Memory Verse**Be ye kind one to another.****Ephesians 4:32.****Hand-work**

In what way was Rebekah kind to Eliezer? Yes, she brought him water when he was thirsty. We have plasticine to-day, and we can make Rebekah's pitcher and the well from which she got the water.

(A few drawings are furnished to help in the construction of the models. If the children are surprised at the shape of the pitcher, explain that it is the shape which Rebekah used,—that it was made of earthenware so that water kept cool in it longer than it does in our pitchers.)

LESSON 29

THE MIRACULOUS PITCHER

The Purpose

Nathaniel Hawthorne has so interpreted the Greek myth of Philemon and Baucis that it has the same meaning as the Hebrew story of Rebekah at the well. It is given here in the hope that its charm will help the children to remember pleasantly the value of true courtesy; also it should fix a little more securely the truth taught in the preceding lesson.

Opening Talk

Who can tell me where to find the story you heard last Sunday? Yes, it is in the Bible. To-day, we have a story which the Greeks used to tell their children. When I have told it to you, I hope somebody can tell me why it is like the story of Rebekah.

Suggestions for Telling the Story

In telling the story, emphasize the kindly simplicity of Philemon and Baucis,—their complete unselfishness. “If we had known you were coming, my good man and myself would have gone without a *morsel*.” This is in contrast to the rudeness of the villagers. Bring out the anxiety of Baucis because there was so little to eat and the guests were so hungry. The little scene at the supper table is mostly from her point of view. Imagine that you are Baucis when you tell it. In this respect, the

story differs from that of Rebekah, where you enter into the feelings of Eliezer, stranger and guest.

The Miraculous Pitcher

One evening long ago, old Philemon and his old wife Baucis sat at their cottage door enjoying the sunset. They had already eaten their simple supper, and intended now to spend a quiet hour or two before bed-time. But the rude shouts of children and the fierce barking of dogs in the village near by grew louder and louder, until at last it was hardly possible for Baucis and Philemon to hear each other speak.

"I never heard the dogs so loud," said the good old man.

"Nor the children so rude," answered his good old wife.

The noise came nearer and nearer until, at the foot of the little hill on which their cottage stood, they saw two travelers approaching on foot. Close behind them came the fierce dogs, snarling at their very heels. A little farther off ran a crowd of children, who sent up shrill cries and flung stones at the two strangers with all their might.

Both of the travelers were poorly dressed, and looked as if they might not have enough money in their pockets to pay for a night's lodging. And this, I am afraid, was the reason why the village people had allowed their children and dogs to treat them so rudely.

"Come, wife," said Philemon to Baucis, "let us go and meet these poor people. They must feel almost too discouraged to climb the hill."

"Do you go and meet them," answered Baucis, "while I hurry indoors and see if we can get them

anything for supper. A comfortable bowl of bread and milk would do wonders toward raising their spirits."

So Baucis hastened into the cottage, and Philemon, holding out his hand to the travelers, said in the heartiest tone you can imagine,

"Welcome, strangers! welcome!"

"Thank you!" replied the younger. "This is quite another greeting than we have met with in the village. Why do you live in such a bad neighborhood?"

"I suppose," said old Philemon, smiling, "that I was put here to make up for the impoliteness of my neighbors."

"Truly, we need it," said the traveler laughing. "Those children, little rascals, have spattered us finely with their mud balls, and one of the curs has torn my coat, which was ragged enough already. But I hit him over the muzzle with my staff, and you must have heard him yelp even as far off as this."

By this time, Philemon and his two guests had reached the cottage door.

"Friends," said the old man, "sit down and rest yourselves here on this bench. My good wife Baucis has gone to see what you can have for supper. We are poor folks, but you are welcome to whatever we have in the cupboard."

While Baucis was getting supper, the travelers talked with Philemon. The younger, who said his name was Quicksilver, was very amusing and kept Philemon laughing. The older was so kind that Philemon wanted to tell him about everything he cared for most.

Baucis had now got supper ready, and coming to

the door, began to make apologies because there was so little.

"If we had known you were coming," said she, "my good man and myself would have gone without a morsel. But I took most of to-day's milk to make cheese, and our last loaf is half eaten."

"Do not trouble yourself," said the older stranger, kindly, "an honest, hearty welcome is better than the finest food."

"A welcome you shall have," cried Baucis, "as well as a little honey that we happen to have left, and a bunch of purple grapes beside."

"Why, Mother Baucis, it is a feast!" exclaimed Quicksilver, laughing, "an absolute feast! and you shall see how bravely I will play my part at it. I think I never felt hungrier in my life."

"Mercy on us!" whispered Baucis to her husband. "If the young man has such a terrible appetite, I am afraid there will not be half enough for supper."

They all went into the cottage.

As Baucis had said, there was not much for two hungry travelers. In the middle of the table was part of a brown loaf, with a piece of cheese on one side of it and a dish of honeycomb on the other. There was a pretty good bunch of grapes for each of the guests. An earthen pitcher nearly full of milk stood at a corner of the table, and when Baucis had filled two bowls and set them before the strangers, only a little milk remained in the bottom of the pitcher.

Poor Baucis kept wishing she might starve for a week if only there might be more for her guests; but since the supper was so very small, she could not help wishing that their appetites were not quite

so large. They drank all the milk in their bowls at once, and then Quicksilver asked for more.

"Now, my dear people," answered Baucis, "I am so sorry and ashamed! But the truth is, there is hardly a drop more milk in the pitcher. Oh, husband! husband! why didn't we go without our supper?"

"Why, it is not so bad as that," cried Quicksilver; "there is certainly more milk in the pitcher."

And taking the pitcher by the handle, he filled both their bowls. Baucis could hardly believe her eyes.

"What excellent milk!" said Quicksilver, emptying his bowl a second time. "Excuse me, my kind hostess, but I must really ask you for a little more."

Now Baucis knew that the pitcher was empty this time, for she had seen Quicksilver turn it upside down, but in order to let him see it, she took up the pitcher and pretended to pour milk into his bowl. How surprised she was when the milk came out so fast that it not only filled the bowl, but was spilled on the table!

"And now a slice of your brown loaf, Mother Baucis," said Quicksilver, "and a little of that honey."

Baucis cut him a slice, and although the loaf had been dry and crusty when she and her husband had eaten it, it was now as light and moist as if a few hours out of the oven. She could not but think that there was something unusual in what had been going on. So, after helping her guests to bread and honey, and laying a bunch of grapes by each of their plates, she sat down by Philemon and told him in a whisper what she had seen.

Now Philemon thought Baucis had been mistaken,

especially about the pitcher; so when Quicksilver asked for yet another bowl of milk, Philemon jumped up and took the pitcher himself. He peeped in and saw for a certainty that there was not a single drop of milk in it. Then all at once, a little, white fountain gushed up from the bottom of the pitcher and filled it to the brim with foaming milk. It was lucky that Philemon, in his surprise, did not drop the miraculous pitcher from his hand.

“Who are ye, wonder-working strangers?” cried he, even more bewildered than his wife had been.

“Your guests, my good Philemon, and your friends,” replied the elder traveler; “give me also a bowl of the milk; and may your pitcher never be empty for kind Baucis and yourself, any more than for the needy traveler.”

Nor was it. The guests went away the next morning, leaving Philemon and Baucis, but the pitcher was never empty when it was desirable to have it full. Whenever an honest, good-humored, and generous guest drank from it, he found it the sweetest fluid he had ever tasted, but if a cross and disagreeable man happened to sip, he was pretty certain to make a wry face and call it a pitcher of sour milk. As for Philemon and Baucis, it was a joy to them to have such a pitcher, since now they could be hospitable to their heart’s content, and no poor traveler need ever go from their door thirsty.

(Adapted from Nathaniel Hawthorne.)

Now who can tell me why this story is like that of Rebekah? Yes, Baucis and Philemon gave milk to two tired and thirsty strangers just as Rebekah gave water to Eliezer, who was also tired and thirsty, a man whom she had never before seen. Both were

kind, and—what is the other word? Polite, or courteous. As for the wonderful pitcher, we do not see that variety now, but it is just as wonderful that the more kind and polite we are, the easier it is to always be that way without even stopping to think. Kindness is like the little fountain of milk in the bottom of the pitcher; the more we give, the more we have to give.

Hand-work

Let us repeat again our memory verse about kindness. We have it to color, and there is a bunch of grapes to remind us of those which good Baucis gave to the travelers.

LESSON 30

HOW GARETH BECAME A KNIGHT

The Purpose

Gareth worships an ideal, expressed in this story in a form most attractive to children,—knighthood, with its accompanying glories of steed and armor and emblazoned shield. To attain it, he is willing to be a kitchen drudge,—to serve in the lowest capacity that he may show his fitness for the higher form of service.

Opening Talk

Do you think Baucis was a good housekeeper? Why? What must one do to have one's house ready for guests? What can boys do? What do you think Philemon did to help Baucis? I am sure they did all these little things cheerfully, and so, when the guests came, they found the house dusted and the windows clean and the tablecloth fresh.

The story to-day is about one of King Arthur's knights. Who knows anything about King Arthur? He was a king who lived long ago in England. He was brave and pure, and he had many knights who served him. If you haven't read about them already, you will some day. The one I am going to tell you about was named Gareth.

Suggestions for Telling the Story

Keep the attitude of expectation in Gareth's eagerness to go, his compliance with the difficulty put in

his way by his mother, his early morning journey to the dream-like city. Then comes the sterner reality of vows to be kept in the old man's warning, Gareth's awe in the presence of the King, in the rows of shields, colored, carved, or blank. And then, "Gareth became a steward that he might some time be a knight."

How Gareth Became a Knight

Gareth was a tall fellow, with a broad, white forehead, flying hair, and large, fair hands. He felt himself almost a man. His brothers were knights at King Arthur's court, and Gareth would have gone to court too, had his mother not kept him at home. His father was old, and she longed to keep this youngest and best loved son with her for comfort. But Gareth could not keep back his desire to serve God and the King, and determined to plead with his mother day after day until she let him go.

"I would walk through fire, Mother," he declared, "to gain your leave."

The mother looked up at her son, so tall and proud, and smiled a little.

"Go, since you must," she said, "but first give one proof of your love for me."

"I will give you a hundred," cried Gareth, "only let me go."

Then said his mother,

"You must go in disguise, as a servant, and hire yourself to work in the kitchen with the cooks and waiters for a year and a day; and you must tell no one who you are."

His mother looked at him to see how he would take it. She thought him too proud to serve in

King Arthur's kitchen, and believed he would stay with her after all.

"A servant in body may be free in soul," said Gareth. "You are my mother and I shall obey. I promise to go disguised and serve in the kitchen,—nor will I tell my name to any one, not even the King."

One morning early, while his mother slept, Gareth called two of his own servants and they started out for King Arthur's city of Camelot. True to his promise, Gareth went disguised as a man who plows fields, and his companions were dressed likewise. But they did not care,—they were all excited with the adventure. Birds were singing, and spring flowers were opening on the green hillsides. Presently they saw the rays of the rising sun flash on the spires of Camelot; then a mist rolled in and the city vanished. It seemed unreal to Gareth, who could hardly believe he was going. Perhaps there was no Camelot, and it was all a dream.

But now they were nearer,—so near that they stood before the gate. They heard music within, and then an old man, with a long, white beard, came out and asked them who they were. Gareth told him they were plowmen come to see the glories of the King,—whereupon the old man warned them not to come in unless they were ready to take the King's vows, which were difficult to keep, but so pure and high that it would be a shame not to take them. But Gareth and his companions entered fearlessly and made their way through the streets of Camelot. They saw all about them palaces tipped with spires. At the windows sat beautiful women, while now and then a knight would stride along with clashing armor,—so that Gareth rejoiced that he was there.

When they came into the hall, they saw King Arthur sitting on a throne above his knights; and his eyes were so clear that Gareth's heart beat hard and there was a ringing in his ears, for he felt sure the King would see through his disguise. Also he was afraid that he might meet his brothers, and they would surely recognize him; but by good fortune they were not in the hall that morning. Many of the other knights were grouped about the King. Their shields, carved in stone, were ranged in three rows down the side of the hall and rose in an arch over the fireplace. Some were bright with colors, showing that their owners had done great deeds; others were carved but not colored; others still were blank because their owners had done nothing at all. Gareth longed for the day when his shield should be there too, and he promised himself that it should not be blank.

He stood waiting while men and women in distress asked favors of the King, and the help of his knights to right their wrongs. At last, it was Gareth's turn. Leaning upon the shoulders of his two men, he begged to be allowed to serve for a year and a day in the kitchen without giving his name. After that, he would do better things.

The great King told him he was worthy of more than he asked, but granted his wish and gave him in charge of Sir Kay, the steward. So Gareth became a steward that he might some time be a knight. He worked hard, drawing water, sawing wood, turning the roast over a hot fire. He slept with servants and ate with them. But because he did his work as well as he could, he was happy.

Gareth did not have to serve a year and a day. When his mother thought of his willingness to work,

she decided to release him from his promise to her and let him be a knight at once. So she sent armor to Camelot, with a message to the King. Gareth took the vows,—those splendid vows of hardihood, gentleness, faithfulness in love, and obedience to the King; his adventures in keeping them are another story. But he kept them more easily because of his experience in serving in the kitchen.

(Adapted from Tennyson's "Idylls of the King.")

Hand-work

First we will fill in the outline of the story, and then color the letters in the border; and I hope you will always remember what these letters say. They make as good a motto for us as for King Arthur's knights.

Key to the Skeleton Story

Gareth was eager to become a (knight) at King Arthur's (court); but his mother tested his wish by making him promise to (begin) by serving in the King's (kitchen).

Gareth (willingly) agreed and worked (hard), drawing (water), sawing (wood), and roasting (meat). This did not seem like being a (knight), but he was (happy) because he did his work as (well) as he could.

At last, his (mother) sent armor, and King Arthur made him a (knight); but Gareth found it (easier) to keep the (vows) because he had worked (faithfully) in the (kitchen).

LESSON 31

ABIGAIL AND DAVID

The Purpose

Abigail is the heroine of this story. She is clear-eyed, keen-witted, brave; for she not only sees the trouble between her husband and David, but understands its cause and is prompt to make good, even though it means facing an angry man. The lesson should bring out the contrast between Nabal's surly selfishness and Abigail's sense of justice towards one who had helped them.

Opening Talk

Who made Gareth a knight? Yes, it was King Arthur. Do you think Gareth would have enjoyed working in the kitchen if he had not known that Arthur was a good king? Do you think that King Arthur appreciated Gareth's work as a servant? Yes, and that helped to make it easy. If the King had been a cross man, and had not made Gareth a knight, Gareth would have felt cross himself, perhaps; but that would not have done any good.

The story this morning is another one about David. Do you remember the one we had early in the year? (Recall it very briefly.) David let King Saul go because he could not forget that he had once loved him; but soon after this, David came near having serious trouble because he lost his temper

with a man whom he did not love, or even know very well.

Suggestions for Telling the Story

In this story, the Bible verse is important: "They were like a wall unto us both by day and by night." It tells of the real protection given by David and his men to the shepherds. The next point is Nabal's bad temper and his surly reply. Picture the distress of Nabal's shepherds when they learn of David's anger. Abigail's relief takes material form, but the appetizing food must not be allowed to lessen the effect of her moral courage. "She never faltered for a minute." At the last, show that she saved David from making a terrible mistake.

Abigail and David

David was living in the wilderness, and with him were his men,—the men who had come to him because they were unhappy and because David gave them something to do. They loved him as the knights loved King Arthur. They fought his battles and helped his friends; and sometimes they helped people whom they did not know at all.

In this way, they took care of Nabal's sheep. Nabal was a rich man with three thousand sheep and a thousand goats. Their shepherds had taken them into the wilderness where David lived because there was more grass there; but when the time came to shear them, there were not shepherds enough to do that and keep away the wild beasts. David, you remember, had once been a shepherd himself and could understand how hard it was to protect a large flock from lions and bears. He and his men formed

a guard to keep them away and the shepherds had never been so safe. As they said, "They were like a wall unto us both by day and by night." And indeed it was a comfort to feel that sheep might graze without danger of a wild beast dashing in, and to know that when they were finally counted, there would not be a number missing.

The sheep had cropped the fresh grass until it was short as a newly mown lawn. Their wool had grown long and heavy. Four thousand of them made an immense flock and not one had been lost. Nabal felt as if he had taken care of them himself. He looked them over with pride and thought how much their wool would be worth to him.

Just then, ten young men asked to see Nabal. They were David's men, and they told how they had taken care of the sheep so that all four thousand were safe. They said that they had no other way of earning what they had to eat; and they asked Nabal to give them food,—not very much. Anything he could spare would do.

Nabal was so rich that he could easily have given the young men all they could eat without knowing the difference; but he had a bad temper. This was the way he answered David's men!

"Who is David? There are many servants nowadays that break away every man from his master. Shall I then take my bread and my water and the meat I have provided for my shearers, and give it to men of whom I know nothing at all?"

David's young men turned away and went back with Nabal's message.

Then David lost his temper; and he determined to let Nabal know how strong he was by treating him as if he were a robber or a wild beast.

“Gird ye on every man his sword,” he commanded.

So they girded on their swords and started out with David in command, four hundred of them. The rest stayed behind to look after their own camp.

The news spread among Nabal’s shepherds that David was coming to make war. His men were armed; they would fight, kill even: and here were they, peaceable shepherds and not prepared to fight! What could they do?

One of them ran to Nabal’s wife.

Her name was Abigail, and she was very beautiful and exceedingly wise. When she heard that David was coming, hot with anger because her husband had been mean and selfish, she was hot herself at the injustice of it. It had been too bad to offend David when he had done so much for them. But it would be terrible if David in his anger should hurt any one,—he would be sorry himself when he had time to think it over. All the time that Abigail was thinking these things, she was hurrying about, collecting bread and mutton, raisins and figs, ordering her servants to pack them on the backs of asses, and to go with her to meet David. They shuddered at the thought of facing all those armed men, but they knew that they must obey Abigail, and she never faltered a minute. Only she kept on thinking that she must stop David before it was too late.

Abigail and her servants rode out together and met David with his men on the mountain side. She slipped off her mule and ran forward to speak to him.

“O my lord,” she began, “let me take the blame. I pray thee, hear me and forget anything which my husband may have said. I did not see the young

men whom thou didst send; and now I have brought a present for the men who follow thee. Forgive us, for God will surely reward thee for thy goodness; and when he has established thee, thou wilt be glad that thou hast not shed blood without reason."

Then said David to Abigail,

"Blessed be the Lord, the God of Israel, who sent thee this day to meet me: and blessed be thy wisdom and blessed be thou, who hast kept me this day from shedding blood."

David took the food, the bread and meat, the figs and raisins, which Abigail's servants had brought. His men packed it on their own shoulders and went with it up the mountain side.

"Go in peace to thy house," said David to Abigail. He too went up the mountain; while she went down to tell the shepherds that David was no longer angry and that they need not be afraid any more.

(Adapted from I Samuel 25:2-35.)

Hand-work

Wouldn't you like to see a picture of Abigail? Unfortunately, there are none; but it is a good chance for you to make your own picture of Abigail and David.

LESSON 32

THE PARABLE OF THE TALENTS

The Purpose

In this lesson, the Parable of the Talents is interpreted in a social sense. As Jesus gives this parable, which corresponds to the Parable of the Minæ* in Luke 19, and which follows that of the Ten Virgins, he seems to be warning his followers to make the most of what they have received, so that when their lord returns, "having received the kingdom" (Luke 19:15), he shall find an increase. They are to combine their natural ability with what he has taught them, to further his cause. Whether or not this refers to the fulfillment of Messianic expectations makes no difference. The parable states a universal truth,—that possessions which are not used for the good of more than the possessor become worthless. On the other hand, it is an inspiring thought that talents used for the welfare of others increase the power of the user.

The parable is printed on the pupils' sheets very nearly as it is given in the Revised Version, in the hope that its literary form may make an impression which shall be strengthened when the children are old enough to understand it more fully. For the present, they will probably remember better its application as interpreted by the story. This form of interpretation was selected because of the season,

* "Minæ" is in the parable translated "pounds."

when we have all been planting gardens, perhaps fearing a late frost, perhaps hoping for an abundant flowering and a fruitful harvest.

Opening Talk

Can you tell me what David did for Nabal? What did he ask in return? Why was Nabal a selfish man? (Because he wanted to keep his food for himself and his own servants.) He probably had fig-trees and grape-vines, but he never would give away any of the fruit, even to people like David who had worked for it. And I suppose that if he had flower-gardens, he would have built a high wall around them, so that no one could see how pretty they were except himself.

Many of us have been planting seeds this spring, and the story this morning is about three children who had seeds given them.

Suggestions for Telling the Story

The teacher is cautioned against interruptions from the pupils, who may wish to describe their own experiences in planting seeds.

A Modern Parable

Once there were three children whose teacher lived with them. They ate bread and milk and berries, and played in the garden, and learned lessons and were very happy; but the teacher found that they depended upon him for everything, and because he wished them to learn to take care of themselves, he decided to go away for a time. There would be no lessons while he was gone. Instead, he gave them packages of seeds to be planted in the garden. To the first child, who was tallest and strongest, he

gave five packages; to the second, he gave two; to the third, he gave only one: for the third child was small and not inclined to work, and the teacher thought that one package would be all he could manage.

“Plant your seeds,” he said, “and see how many people you can make happy with them; and tell me all about it when I come back at the end of the summer.”

The first child ran joyfully into the garden. Some of his packages were flower-seeds, with bright-colored pictures of flowers on the envelope. Some were vegetables, to be planted differently. So the child got books and learned all he could about the different seeds, how deep they should be planted, how far apart, and in what kind of soil. He found poles for the beans and wire for the sweet-peas, and made little pasteboard fences to keep the cut-worms away from the dahlias. It was hard work, watering the plants in dry weather and keeping out the weeds. His back ached sometimes, and he wished the teacher would come back and help him; but he never gave it up. And such a garden as he had! There were sweet-peas and nasturtiums,—he took them to the lame boy next door and to the sick lady across the street. When the beans and tomatoes came, there were enough for a poor family who lived down the road. There were so many flowers that he couldn't pick them all, even to give away; the petals dropped off and the seed-pods grew so that he gathered them, and found that he had twice as many seeds as the teacher had given him at the beginning.

The second child, who had only two packages, was as busy as his brother. He could not do the same things because his seeds were different. In-

stead of beans, he had radishes. Where his brother had sweet-peas, he had phlox. His garden flourished too. He made a border of the phlox, on either side of the front walk, and people going by used to admire it. He had plenty of flowers and radishes to give away, and when he gathered his seeds, he too had twice as many as he had at first.

As for the third child, he sat down on the front steps and held his one package tight in his little damp fists.

"I think I won't plant the seeds to-day," he said, "it is too sunny."

The next day it rained and he was afraid of getting wet. The third day was cold, and he was afraid of a late frost.

The fourth day, he took up the package again.

"I won't plant at all," he said to himself. "Seeds often don't come up, and our teacher is so stern, that if he should come back and find nothing, I should be afraid. I will put the seeds in a drawer and keep them for him."

Now his seeds were morning-glories which are sure to come up; and such a chance as he had to make people happy! He might have planted his seeds around the front porch, and then the workmen, who had to get up very early, could have seen them as they passed the house; and the business men might have spared a glance on their way to the city. But instead of having a chance to grow and climb and lift their beautiful cups to the morning sky, the poor seeds had to lie in a dark, stuffy drawer all summer, where half of them died.

When the leaves on the maples were turning scarlet, the teacher came back and was met at the door by the three children.

"Dear teacher," said the first. "I have had such a garden, and here are ten packages of seeds instead of the five you gave me."

"Well done," said the teacher, "next year you shall have a large garden all your own, since you have taken such good care of this one. I heard something about it as I came down the street from the neighbors."

"I hope they liked mine, too," said the second child. "It wasn't as large as my brother's, but I did the best I could; and I have four packages of seeds instead of two."

"Well done again," said the teacher heartily; "the garden you have next summer will be even more beautiful."

Then came the last of the children with downcast eyes.

"Here is the package of seeds you gave me," he stammered; "I have kept them in a drawer all summer,—for I was afraid the seeds might not come up if I planted them, and I thought you would be cross and scold me if I lost them."

The teacher looked grave. He took the seeds and gave them to the first child.

"Most of them are dead," he said, "but plant them in your garden and a few may come up."

The third little child was feeling worse than if he had been scolded. The teacher looked down at him. He was really very small.

"Seeds, dear child, are to be planted," said the teacher. "We must put them in the ground without being afraid what will become of them; and then we must take good care of the garden. That is the way to make them grow so that other people will

enjoy them. Next spring we must try again. Shall we?"

And the third little child said, "Yes."

Jesus once told his disciples a parable or story which is printed on your sheets for you to read. (Have the class read the parable aloud.) The "talent" is a piece of money, but the parable means the same as our story. If we have seeds, we must plant them; if we have money, we must use it to advantage. And whatever we do, we must do it as well as possible so that other people will be helped in some way. I once knew a girl who could play the piano so that every one liked to hear her; but she was afraid, like the man with the one talent and the child with the one package of seeds, and she would hardly ever play. At last, she stopped practicing so that she couldn't play at all, and the many hours she had spent at the piano were lost, to say nothing of the many people who might have been made happier and stronger by her music. I hope none of you will ever do that. What can girls do beside play the piano? Can you think of something boys could do?

Hand-work

If there is time, the pupils may color the border, but it is not necessary.

LESSON 33

THE SPRING IN THE SANDY DESERT

The Purpose

This lesson continues the thought of the Parable of the Talents. The boy who is the hero of the story is purposely represented as having only one talent,—his strength of body; but because he makes the most of it, he succeeds in releasing the life-giving water where clever men fail.

Opening Talk

Why was it that the little boy with the one package of seeds did not plant them? Yes, he was afraid that they wouldn't come up. What did other people lose because he was afraid to do the best he could with what he had? The story to-day is about a boy who could do only one thing, but did that as well as he could.

Suggestions for Telling the Story

The background is an important part of this story. Help the class to see vividly the desert, glistening in the heat or cool and silent under the stars. Remember how tired they were of drinking the stale water. Feel the horror of sunrise in the desert with no water whatever. Then the finding of the fresh, cool water and its release, through the boy's efforts, will be such a relief as to make a permanent impression.

The Spring in the Sandy Desert

They were crossing the sandy desert, and he was the only boy who was allowed to go. His father was a merchant, and all the other men worked for him. The boy adored his father. He was so strong and rich and above all, clever. He never made a mistake. When he sold his goods, he made a great deal of money. His men all respected him. The boy was proud and happy to be crossing the desert in his father's company.

And yet, he was not altogether happy. He was not clever, like his father. He did not know how to sell goods and make money. Like some other boys, he was not quick at arithmetic. The men laughed at him, when he made mistakes, and treated him like a child, although he was almost as tall as they. Indeed, he was unusually tall for his age, and strong. When it came to packing the goods on the carts, and lifting armfuls of firewood and barrels of water, the boy did as well as any man there. He always did this hard work cheerfully, and tried to forget that he could not do other things as well.

There had been more lifting than usual to do before this journey across the desert because they had to carry so much wood and water. They must not expect to find water in the desert. It was covered with sand so fine that you could not hold it. No matter how tightly you clenched your fingers, it would slip through. This expanse of glistening sand stretched so far that you could not see the line where earth and sky meet, since the sun, shining upon it, made a mist of burning orange.

They traveled only at night, when the burning sand was cool and the blue-black sky stretched over them like a sheltering tent. All night they would

march, following the stars. When morning came, and the sun fixed his round, red eye upon them from the edge of the world, they would stop marching, unhitch the oxen which dragged their carts, pull the carts about until they formed a circle, and stretch an awning over them from side to side. This made a huge tent, where they stayed all day, cooking rice over wood fires, drinking the water which they carried with them on the carts, and sleeping between meals, so they could keep awake at night. The sun could not reach them through the thick awning, but all about them the fine sand was hot as the embers of a coal fire, and no man liked to step upon it. It was only late in the evening, when the sun had been some hours gone, that they would take down the awning, hitch the oxen to the carts, load their firewood and rice and water, and start out again, following the stars.

The boy enjoyed traveling at night. It was so cool and the stars were so bright. He slept soundly through the day and did not mind the heat; but he did get tired of drinking the stale water, and he was glad when he heard his father say that as there was only one night's journey ahead of them, they might throw away the water and the firewood, and so make the load lighter for the oxen.

But that night of all nights, the man who drove the first cart and led the way, went to sleep. He was tired after so many days of heat. While he slept, his oxen turned squarely about and went back into the desert and all the other oxen followed; for the drivers supposed they were safe in following their leader.

The leader woke just before dawn. He looked at the fading stars; they were not in the right position!

He rubbed his eyes. Then he saw light coming in the east and knew that they were traveling in the wrong direction. How long had he been asleep?

"Turn the carts round!" he shouted.

But it was too late. As the red sun came peeping over the edge of the world, they saw, to their horror, that they had gone a night's journey backward instead of forward. They were on the very spot where they had camped day before yesterday. They had no wood to cook their rice, no water to drink; and all about them, was the sandy desert.

"Lost! Lost!" they cried; and every man of them threw himself face downward under his wagon and refused to move,—that is, every man except the merchant and his son.

"What will you do, Father?" said the boy. He was sure that his father would think of something.

"We must hunt for water," he said; "come and help me look. If we give in, every one will die."

The sun was already making its heat felt, but they went outside the line of wagons and looked closely at the ground. At first, they saw nothing but fine sand; then the merchant cried out that he had found a clump of grass, small, but green near the roots.

"There must be water underneath," he said to his son, "or the grass would not grow at all."

"I knew you would find it, Father," said the boy. "I will call the men."

He ran back, crying joyfully,

"Come quickly, we have found water!"

His father followed, urging the men to bring shovels. They began to dig where the grass was, but almost at once, their shovels struck a rock.

The men climbed out of the hole they had made, hot and discouraged, but the merchant would not give up. He jumped into the hole himself, and lay flat down on the rock with his ear against it. There he heard water trickling, and knew that it was under the rock.

"It is there," he cried; "I heard it."

"Yes," they grumbled, "under the rock. What good will it do us?"

They leaned heavily on their spades. But the merchant's son ran up to his father and touched him on the arm.

"Father," he said, "you know how strong I am. Perhaps I could move the rock."

"My boy," said his father, "take heart and courage. If you fail, we shall all die of thirst. Go down into the hole with this iron sledge hammer and strike the rock."

The boy went. It was heavy, that sledge hammer. Strong as he was, it was all he could do to lift it; but he made a mighty effort, raised it high above his head, and brought it down.

The rock split and fell in. The boy leaped for the edge of the hole and was caught and drawn out by his father. With him rose a fountain of pure water high as a palm tree. It filled the hole and spread around it, making a basin for itself.

With a shout the men threw down their shovels and made a rush for the cool, sparkling water. They drank it, they bathed in it. Then they chopped up their spare yokes and axles for a fire, cooked their rice and ate it, and watered their oxen.

But the boy was with his father.

"My son," said the merchant, "you have saved all our lives. No one else was willing to try. I am

glad I brought you, and after this, you shall go with me always."

And then, the boy was entirely happy.

(Adapted from the Jataka.)

This is our memory verse for to-day.

Memory Verse

Let us not be weary in well-doing.

Galatians 6:9.

What does it mean to be weary? Did the boy in the story ever get tired of helping? Perhaps he did, but he never let any one know it. We must not be discouraged because what we do seems not to be very much. If the boy in the story had been discouraged, what do you think would have happened?

Hand-work

When we have colored the memory verse, we will say it together, and see if we can remember it for next Sunday.

LESSON 34

THE HEALING OF THE CRIPPLE AT THE GATE BEAUTIFUL

The Purpose

Peter and John had no money to give, but they did the best they could. Their best—healing the cripple—is extraordinary enough to give point to the lesson; but the miracle is less important than the fact that they *did* something. They were sorry,—others had been sorry; but where others had given merely money, Peter and John put the man on his feet. We cannot expect children to understand this lesson completely,—it requires experience for that; but we can teach them that it is not enough to be sorry for people who are unhappy. We must do something to make them happier, even if it seems little to us, who would like to do more.

Opening Talk

Do you remember the story of the boy whose father took him across the sandy desert? What was the one thing he could do? How did he save the lives of others? What did the men do after their shovels struck the hard rock? (They leaned on their shovels and did nothing.) Was the boy sorry for them? Yes, very. It was hard to be so hot and thirsty, and to think you might die without water. Would it have been enough, just to be sorry? No,—he *did* something. If you see a little

child, like the children in our kindergarten, who has fallen down and hurt herself and is crying, you are sorry, of course, but does that do any good? What will do her good? You can brush off the dirt and tell her not to mind it. If she is really hurt, you can take her to her mother. If she isn't hurt very much, you can make her forget it by giving her a ride in your wagon, or picking some flowers for her. Then you will be helping her as truly as the disciples of Jesus helped a lame man, in the story I have to tell you.

Suggestions for Telling the Story

Emphasis should be placed not on the apparent miracle of healing, but upon the motive. Peter and John liked "best of all" to help sick people to get well. It was one of the things Jesus taught them. They go to the temple and the opportunity comes. Make the story as dramatic as possible by repeating the direct discourse as it is written.

The Healing of the Cripple at the Gate Beautiful

Peter and John were close friends. When they lived in Galilee, they earned their living together by catching fish. After Jesus asked them to follow him, they often walked side by side through the cornfields, over hills, up and down the steep streets of little towns, listening while Jesus talked, and now and then going off on a little journey of their own, when they too would talk to the country folk, and tell them what Jesus was teaching. They even helped sick people to get well, and they liked this best of all. For when you are sick, you are so uncomfortable that you cannot do very much. You cannot play or look at pictures or even listen to

stories. Then the kind doctor comes and takes the pain away, and you are happy again. But the doctor is even happier than you are because he is so glad to have helped you. It was like this with Peter and John. When they found that they could make sick people well as Jesus did, it seemed to them the most wonderful thing that had ever happened.

After Jesus gave up his life, Peter and John lived in Jerusalem with the other disciples, sleeping together and sharing each other's food, just as you do with your best friends. During the day, they went about the city, speaking always of Jesus, for they wished every one to know how good he had been. They talked with people in their houses, or sitting on the doorsteps; they preached little sermons on street-corners; and when the day was hot, they did their preaching in the temple porches, where it was cool. But so far, they had not made any sick people well in Jerusalem.

One day, they were going to service in the temple, just as you would go to church. The temple was larger than most of our churches, and one of its wide doors had such splendid columns on either side—columns like straight, tall tree-trunks—that it was called the Gate Beautiful. To reach it, you went up broad steps of polished marble that shone in the sunlight.

On one of the broad steps, near the doorway, sat a lame man, with his back against a column. Those who went in and out of the Gate Beautiful passed near him, and then he would hold up his hand and beg for money. It was his only way of getting a living, for he was too lame to work as other men did, and his family was not rich enough to take care of him.

When Peter and John saw him, they were sorry for him and wished they had something to give, but they were poor men too, and had no money. They stopped in front of him, for they would not go on without doing something. Then Peter remembered how Jesus would have helped this man, and when the cripple lifted his hand, Peter said,

The man was surprised, but he did look at Peter and John very earnestly.

“Silver or gold have I none,” said Peter, “but what I have give I unto thee; in the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, arise and walk.”

He put his hand into the lame man’s and raised him to his feet.

The poor man hardly knew what to do at first. He had never expected to stand again. Now he was not only standing, but Peter had told him to walk. He tried, very carefully, to take a few steps. Yes, it was really true! He was not lame, he could walk like other people. He was so happy that he began to leap into the air, and to cry out thanks to God, who had given Peter and John the power to make him well.

As for Peter and John, they were also happier than they had been for some time, for now the man need not beg any more, but could earn his living himself. Their gift had been worth more than any amount of silver or gold, or merely being sorry without helping at all.

(Adapted from Acts 3:1-10.)

The words which Peter spoke are good ones for us to remember.

Memory Verse

“Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give I thee.”

Acts 3:6.

We must think of these words when we are sorry for people, and do something, if it is only picking a dandelion to make a baby stop crying.

Hand-work

These are printed for us to color, and because they are so beautiful, there are flowers to color, too.

LESSON 35

THE PARTY AND THE GUESTS

The Purpose

The story is obviously an adaptation of the New Testament parable known as the Supper and the Guests. It teaches the fullness of opportunity in sharing what we have with others. If our selected friends fail us, there are many among the byways and hedges whom we may help and who may help us.

Opening Talk

Do you think that Peter and John were well acquainted with the cripple whom they helped at the Gate Beautiful? Probably not. They had not lived in Jerusalem very long. But he must have been grateful to them for helping him, and I am sure that they were good friends after that.

I have a story for you to-day about a little boy who made some friends quite unexpectedly.

Suggestions for Telling the Story

Make vivid the child's interest in his birthday party, his eagerness for guests, his disappointment when no guests come, his complete satisfaction in the substitutes. "They are all our neighbors, every one of them; and they are coming to my party." It is a lesson in a wider friendliness. "Just think, Mother, how many more children I shall have to play with!"

The Party and the Guests

There was once a child whose mother had promised him a birthday party. Although his father's house was in the city with no yard to speak of, it was large with great rooms and long windows, letting in light and sunshine, so that there was room to play.

He had beautiful playthings,—engines which would draw long trains of cars upon a real track, a toy grocery, stuffed rabbits and bears and monkeys, and a live kitten. He would let his little friends play with them at the party; and if they grew tired of the toys, there was the great house to romp in. The child was sure that he would have the best time that ever he had in his life.

There were real invitations, written on cards and slipped in tiny envelopes; and because they were too precious to be trusted to the post-office, the child went himself in the automobile and left them at the homes of his friends. In the corner of each card had been written, "Please reply"; and he waited eagerly for answers, which might come in the mail or be brought to the door as his invitations had been.

Soon the answers began to come, but they were disappointing. One little girl had whooping-cough and another's mother was afraid to let her go to parties for fear she might catch something. A number of the children were going away on a visit. When the morning came for the party, there was clear sky and warm sunshine, the house was in order, the refreshments were ready. There were still a few children to be heard from, and the child hoped to have a good time with even these few; but the morning's mail brought letters from their moth-

ers saying that for various reasons they could not possibly come.

The child thought that such a thing had never been heard of. He went out and sat on the front steps, all by himself. He would not even look at the live kitten, who chased her tail and did her best to make him play with her.

He saw two children coming down the street. They were not very well dressed. One of them carried a jar of milk. They must have been to the grocer's on the corner and were on their way home. Probably they lived in the next street, where the houses were rather small and needed painting. The child thought to himself that *they* were well enough to be out. He wondered if they would have come to his party if they had been asked.

He went down to the sidewalk.

"Hullo," he said.

They looked at him, very much surprised, but they stopped.

"It is my birthday," he said, "and I am going to have a party. Will you come?"

"We never went to a party," said the boy, who was carrying the milk. "What is it like?"

"Never went to a party?" It was the child's turn to be surprised. "Why, we play and there are—" He had started to say, "There are presents," but something stopped him, so he said instead, "There's ice-cream."

"Does it come in cones?" asked the little girl. "And do we have to pay for it?"

The child laughed. "I think it will be in saucers," he said, "and of course you don't have to pay for it. You are my guests. Don't you see?"

“I think it would be beautiful,”—it was the little girl speaking. “Do you think mother will let us?” she asked her brother.

“I will go with you and ask her myself,” said the child grandly.

They came back in half an hour and with them were more children. There must have been twenty of them altogether. Some of them were two years old and some were three; but most of them were the age of the Birthday Child, who headed the procession. He led them up the steps and opened the front door.

His mother had seen them coming and was there to meet them. She saw that their hands and faces had been scrubbed very clean; and she noticed that they all stopped and rubbed their boots hard on the door-mat before they came in. They were quiet and shy, but she did not know what the Birthday Child knew, that not one of them had ever gone to a party before.

“Isn’t it nice, Mother?” said the child. “They are all our neighbors, every one of them; and they are coming to my party.”

After a little, the children stopped being quiet and shy and had a really good time. They were conductors and engineers and switchmen on the toy railroad; and the Birthday Child found that some of the boys knew more about railroads than he did, for they had watched the real thing, down by the tracks. One boy said his father was an engineer, and he was the hero of the afternoon after that. The little girls rode up and down the halls in the toy automobile, not forgetting to give the bears and monkeys and rabbits a ride too. Everybody had a good time except the live kitten; she disappeared

very soon and could not be found again until the last guest had gone home.

When they were tired of playing, they went to the dining-room and had chicken on toast and hot chocolate, foamy with whipped cream. Best of all was the ice-cream, served in saucers, and the little cakes covered with pink and white and chocolate icing. There was even candy, since it was only five o'clock and bed-time was two hours away.

When the guests went home, they told the Birthday Child that they had never had such a good time, and they one and all asked him to come to see them, especially as they lived in the next street.

As the Birthday Child's mother was tucking him in that night, he said sleepily,

"Just think, Mother, how many more children I shall have to play with!"

The Birthday Child's mother went downstairs and found his father to tell him all about it. Then together they opened the Bible and turned to a passage in the Gospel of Luke; for something like this had happened before, and here it was. They read it together. And since it is printed on our sheets, very nearly as it is in the Bible, we can read it too. It is another of the stories which Jesus told.

"A man made a great supper; and he invited many: and he sent forth his servant at supper time to say to them that were invited, Come; for all things are now ready. And they all began to make excuses. The first said, I have bought a field and I must go out and see it: I pray thee, have me excused. And another said, I have bought five yoke of oxen, and I go to try them: I pray thee, have me excused. And another said, I have married a wife, and therefore I cannot come. And the serv-

ant came and told his master these things. Then the master of the house said to his servant, Go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city, and bring in hither the poor and blind and lame. And the servant said, Master, what thou didst command is done and yet there is room. And the master said unto the servant, Go out into the highways and hedges and bring the poor in that my house may be filled. And the servants went out into the highways, and brought together all as many as they found: and the house was filled with guests."

(Adapted from Luke 14:16-23, and Matthew 22:10.)

LESSON 36

THE SEED

The Purpose

This is a Flower Sunday lesson. It is to show the beauty of growth which comes through mutual dependence and giving of benefits. It is a parable of the beauty of living together.

Opening Talk

Now that it is June, and the trees are green and the gardens full of flowers, I have a story for you of a little seed and how it grew.

Suggestions for Telling the Story

In this lesson, there are two points of view, both of which must be presented sympathetically. The first is that of the seed with its instinct for growth. It is easily understood because it is a personification of nature expressing a feeling which most of us never outgrow—that trees are almost human. But the tree could not grow without the help of the minister and the children. This is the second point of view and the more important, requiring special emphasis. “The kingdom of heaven comes only when we help each other.”

It may be well to get the assistance of the class in telling this story. Do they know what a maple seed looks like? If not, show them the real seed, or a pic-

ture. Make as vivid as possible the process of growth, with the seed's dependence upon earth and rain and sunshine. Even the robin was of use, although he did not know it. But be sure to lead the attention of the pupils to the conclusion,—that growth and the kingdom of heaven come through helpful sympathy.

The Seed

The church stood in a city. On three sides were tall buildings, but in front was a little space of lawn. Only grass grew there. There were no flowers or shrubs or trees.

In one corner of the lawn was a bare spot,—very small, but still bare. Rain fell and made the earth soft. A robin hopped along hunting for a worm, and found one there.

A gust of wind came frolicking down the street. It turned the corner and swept over the lawn of the church, making the grass blades quiver and ruffling the robin's feathers. He hopped away, nearer to the wall of the church. Flying with the gale, as lightly as the bird, came a maple seed. It fell on the little bare spot where the robin had pulled out a worm a minute before.

The earth was soft and uneven where the robin had stood. The seed rested there. It nestled in the warm cradle of earth, and after a while the kind breeze covered it with a blanket of dust, and a dead leaf for a quilt, and it fell asleep.

When it woke up again, after sleeping no one knows how long, it felt a stirring all about it. The sunshine and the breeze were whispering,

“It's time to grow. Wake up, little seed, wake up.”

The heart of the seed swelled with life. The time had come for it to do something in the world.

It unfastened the coat it had worn as a seed and sent a tiny shoot upward toward the light and delicate roots downward into the warm earth. The roots began to feel about for food, and the kind earth saw that they had just what they needed. The shoot pushed and pushed until its head came above ground. It looked white and feeble beside the grass and other shoots which were taller and greener. These laughed and said,

“So you belong to the maple seed! We never expected to see you at all, but you have done pretty well to get through.”

The sun smiled at the little maple tree, and soon touched its tips with green.

Every day the roots of the shoot grew stronger and brought it more food; every day it climbed higher and its leaves grew greener. It began to send out branches. The rain came down and washed away the dust from its growing leaves and loosened the earth about its roots. It grew even faster and soon it was far above the green grass. The tree was sorry to leave the grass, but it knew that it must keep on growing.

Then there came a sad time in the tree's life. The sun grew hotter and hotter. When the breeze blew down the street, it brought clouds of dust which covered the fresh, young leaves. The tree hoped for rain to wash off the dust and give it a drink, for it was very thirsty; but no rain fell. The tree drooped. It feared it would lose all its leaves.

The church door opened just then, and the minister came out, followed by a group of children. They

stopped to look at the tree. They had watched it ever since it first appeared above the ground, and once they had cleared the earth about it so that it could have more room.

Now they saw how it drooped, and they ran into the church again and got pitchers full of cool water. They poured it over the dusty leaves until they were green and shining. They wet the dry earth until it was soaked with water to the tips of the roots which lay deepest. Every day, as long as the drought lasted, the children brought water to the tree. And one hot noon, when a dry wind tore through the yard, bending the slender stem this way and that, the minister came with a stout stake which he drove well into the ground, tying the tree here and there, so that it might have a straight trunk instead of a crooked one. For he had seen many trees with twisted trunks, and he intended that this maple, which grew beside his own church, should be beautifully straight.

The tree was glad to be helped, and it put all its strength into rapid growth. Its branches put out more branches and grew stouter; its stem thickened until it was no longer afraid when the breezes became boisterous. It stood erect now, in spite of the most blustering wind. Still it reached upward as if it would never be satisfied to stay where it was but must keep on growing.

At last its stem became a trunk and its branches were so strong that the robins built nests in them. And still it held up its boughs to the friendly sunlight and drank in the fresh air through its leaves, while the earth sent up the best of food through its roots.

When it was quite tall, it found that it could look

in at the church window when it was open. One Sunday, this is what it saw.

The church was full of children dressed in white. They had come in singing, with baskets of flowers in their hands. There were flowers everywhere,—purple and white iris, masses of fragrant syringa, and especially daisies. They were wonderful to see. The seed which had become a tree did not know that there were so many flowers in the world. Had they grown as he had, helped by the sun and earth and rain, and by kind people? He bent his boughs toward the window so that they tapped against the glass.

The children looked up, and saw the leaves moving in the sunshine. The minister looked, too. Then he said,

“Jesus once saw a tree as large as this which had grown from a tiny seed, and he said to his disciples,

“‘The kingdom of heaven is like unto a grain of mustard seed, which a man took and sowed in his field; which indeed is less than all seeds: but when it is grown, it is greater than the herbs and becometh a tree, so that the birds of the heaven come and lodge in the branches thereof.’

“But the kingdom of heaven,” continued the minister, “comes only when we help each other. Our beautiful tree grew because Nature helped it, and you helped it. If the maple seed had fallen upon rocks with no earth to cover it and feed its roots, or if it had dropped in a dark crevice where no sunshine could come, what do you think would have become of it? And even the help of Nature is not always enough to make a perfect tree. Each of us has helped by bringing water and loosening the earth and planting a stake to hold the tree upright. In

the same way we all of us grow in spirit only when we help each other. If we stopped giving and receiving help, we would stop growing, and the kingdom of heaven would never come.”

Then the minister came down from the pulpit and took a little child in his arms to christen it, and the children knew that although the baby was small, it would grow as they were growing; and when the last prayer came, they all together bowed their heads and asked God to show them how to help each other so that they might grow like the seed and help to bring in the kingdom of heaven.

Memory Verse and Hand-work.

The text to-day which we have to memorize and then to color is the theme of our year's work.

My little children, let us not love in word, neither with the tongue; but in deed and truth.

I John 3:18.

THE END

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Dadmun, Frances May,
Living together

DATE DUE

Unless this book is returned on or before the last date stamped below a fine will be charged Fairness to other borrowers makes enforcement of this rule necessary

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